

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XXII]

OCTOBER, 1914

[No. 4

A SPANISH NOVELIST

Saul seeking his father's asses and finding himself king has usually passed as an example of the lucky accident, philosophers to the contrary; but an accident of my own was luckier, and in this the philosophers would agree. In my vagabond student days in Rome I bought and carried in my pocket an Italian-Spanish grammar, with purely philological designs on the Spanish language. The next summer I stumbled upon Armando Palacio Valdés's *El Cuarto Poder*, a novel so delightfully fresh and full of interest that it drew in its train during the succeeding years all of Valdés's own works, and many of the works of other contemporary Spanish writers—Valera, Galdós, Alarcón, Pereda, the Countess Emilia Pardo Bazán, Blasco Ibáñez, Valle-Inclán, Baroja, Ruiz, Unamuno. Seeking philological asses, I found myself monarch in new Realms of Gold. The modern Spanish novel is a rich field of interest; besides being a well-told story and one of the world's finest examples of realism, it possesses the added advantage, especially for the English and American reader, of reflecting nature and human life in a land whose very name has always cast a spell over the imagination.

The contemporary Spanish novel is to be called a revival of Spanish fiction. During the century after Cervantes, who died in 1616, Spanish letters meant drama. The eighteenth century was likewise barren of fiction, and the first half of the nineteenth passed with little save a few imitations of Scott. It was not until the seventies that the revival, which had already begun in the long career of Fernán Caballero, and in the first

few works of Pereda, Alarcón, Galdós, and Valera, began to be noticed.

The novel in our land, says Valdés with sparkling humor in 1878, is at present nothing but a vast and uncultivated field in which spring here and there a flower or two with red and lustrous petals, in the midst of abundant growths of fodder plants. But the soil can produce novels. On this point there is no room for doubt. The last works of the geological map commission prove this in a conclusive manner.

Let us go up into one of the loftiest sierras in our peninsula. Will that not do? Then let us go up into an ideal sierra and thence take observation.

Toward the South the sun is larger and more golden, the spaces of the sky more azure and diaphanous. Scattered everywhere you look, in the midst of vineyards and orange gardens, are hundreds of white-shining villages, bathed in transparent, luminous vapor, and intoxicated with the perfumes of a quick and ardent vegetation. In the air flit irised butterflies; the earth teems with a high-spirited, high-strung, happy-hearted people, making love at the grating, inventing the phrase of endearment and bravado, storming at their saints and then kissing their feet, laughing and weeping without motive, sighing in the midst of their song; a people with black eyes, a hospitable, free-spoken, proud people, who have performed deeds of prowess by the thousand and who relate them by the million, who love God and woman above all things, and who bite off half the Castilian idiom.

In the North, there appears a sky that is heavy, yet of sweet and delicate tints. A canopy of clouds hangs there, that intercepts and makes captive the rays of the sun so that they descend to earth all languid and with fond caress. Valleys and hills, and all that the vision embraces, are verdant. On the hills grow trees that detain the mists, in the valleys grow grasses and wind the streams. Drops of water are constantly suspended high in air, on the trees, on the grass, on the roofs of dwellings. The sea is rough and foaming, the sky capricious and melancholy, the earth gentle and gracious. There, live a people who toil like beasts of burden and meditate like philosophers, a spiritual people and sensitive who live on corn bread, who see fantasies and witches in the night, who die on the field of battle for an idea, who tremble in the presence of the clerk of court; a

sensible, patient, melancholy people, who would be very poetic if better nourished, who possess as no other the virtue of not saying this mouth is mine.

Both of these peoples hold in keeping in their life precious novels which they have not cared to show to travellers of the frivolous sort. But when Galdós and Valera came to demand them, we all saw with what singular courtesy they behaved.

The hour, besides, is now timely and decisive. The fruit is yellow on the tree, and waits for nothing but a slight shaking to fall into our hands. The ancient and very original customs of our land are disappearing, and offer as they die away the poignant and melancholy interest of all things which have been and soon will cease to be. If we do not profit by these moments, the culture of the modern day will gird about our members the close uniform that hides the peculiar, the original, and the characteristic, and soon it will not be so easy to perceive it.

Prepare yourselves, then, ye who feel stirring in your souls the inspiration of art, put the pen behind your ear, set in order your sheets, board the express, scatter yourselves throughout the peninsula. Not long will you be in returning, I clearly see, with health in your cheeks and the Spanish novel under your arms.

The critic's exhortation was heeded—rather, his prediction came true. The inspired did appear, with the Spanish novel under their arms, and, for the most part, with the health in their cheeks that augured well for the character of the burden. Juan Valera, the genial Juanito, man of the world and charming conversationalist, ambassador to many capitals, including Washington, added to *Pepita Jiménez* and *El Comendador Mendoza* the series of tales whose elegant diction, classic style, and suavely sympathetic content disarm the critic. Galdós, the Canary Islander, in some sort a spectator in Spain, who had already achieved a reputation in *Doña Perfecta*, a novel touching clericalism, continued in the well-known *Marianela* and *Gloria*, and others, and in the torrential output of *Episodios Nacionales*, an endless epic of the national life of nineteenth-century Spain now numbering more than two score lengthy novels, loosely connected or unconnected, teeming with characters and incidents historical, semi-historical, and purely im-

aginative. Alarcón added to his *Cuentos* and the immortal *Sombrero de Tres Picos* his other less famous works. Pereda, so far known chiefly as the writer of *Escenas Montañesas*, added to these sketches of the northern mountains and their people his picturesque novels of Cantabrian life. Valdés himself began, in the very year he was publishing his critical *Semblanzas Literarias*, the succession of novels and sketches, localized for the most part in Asturias, whose latest appeared only three years ago. The Countess Pardo Bazán wrote her novels of Galician life, besides numerous books on historical, religious, and critical subjects, including a work on realism, *La Cuestión Palpitante*. Leopoldo Alas, the critic, known as Clarín, wrote *La Regenta*, a psychological novel with mystical motive. Even Miguel de Unamuno, the brilliant thinker who sits in the rector's chair at Salamanca, produced two novels—*Paz en la Guerra* and *Amor y Pedagogía*. About 1894, there sprang into fame the restless, combative, volcanic Vicente Blasco Ibáñez—Valencian, admirer of Goya, republican and socialist, creator and editor of *El Pueblo*, fictional father of strenuous and indomitable heroes in lost causes, brilliant painter of local color, rough and uneven, often sensational, sometimes vulgar, but always enthusiastic and never failing to interest.

Besides these, who have been most in the public eye, there are more recent names whose significance cannot as yet be estimated—Martínez Ruiz, known as Azorín, author of *La Voluntad*, a deeply thoughtful work hardly to be called a novel; Pio Baroja, a photographic realist who, like Ruiz, is thinker and analyst first, and novelist second; Ramón del Valle-Inclán, a Galician of exquisite poetic style who is sometimes unpleasantly like D'Annunzio; and Ricardo León of Malaga, another stylist, whose characters and scenes, like those of Ruiz, are Castilian. In all of these, who are of the younger generation, the art of the novel is prejudiced by too much attention either to analysis or to style. The fine vigor and sanity of the older writers are wanting. "There should be no plot," says a character in Ruiz's *La Voluntad*; "life itself has no plot: it is varied, many-formed, floating, contradictory—everything except symmetrical, geometrical, rigid, as it appears in novels."

And not only did the novelists arise, as Valdés foresaw, but they arose in east and west and south and north. Few countries are more universally portrayed in fiction.

There is thus a great deal to justify the assertion of Aubrey Bell (*The Magic of Spain*, London, 1912) that "since 1874 scarcely a year has passed without producing a Spanish novel that deserves a high rank in literature." And when account is taken of the whole of Spain's contribution to letters, it may be granted that there is some excuse for the declaration of one of the Spanish authors themselves: "Depend upon it, if Spain possessed as many ships and cannon as England, France, or Germany, her literature would be considered the first in the world."

I.

Of all the galaxy of Spanish novelists, the one who has pleased me most and taught me most about the life of Spain is Armando Palacio Valdés, the Asturian, born the fourth of October, 1853, at Entralgo, one of the diminutive clusters of houses that make up Spain's five or six thousand villages.

Señor Valdés is still living, and resides in Madrid, except the summer months, which he passes at Cap Breton in France, in the Châlet Marta y María, so called after his second novel. Mr. Howells, who had enjoyed an epistolary acquaintance with him for twenty years or so, came finally to know him in person during a visit to Spain in 1912, and was kind enough, early in the following year, to send me a letter of introduction to him. I found him a person of medium size, somewhat slender and with a very slight stoop, and quick and agile manner. His gray hair, which was never black, is somewhat sparse, and the full beard, not closely trimmed, is also gray. Large, open blue eyes and a generous mouth with good teeth give instant impression of a personality ingenuous, affable, gentle, and sympathetic. "You will find him all you could wish him to be for gentleness and wisdom," said Mr. Howells in the note that accompanied the letter.

From Madrid to Entralgo is three hundred and sixty miles. You ride up and over the Sierra de Guadarrama, cross the plains of Old Castile, through Medina del Campo and Valladolid, and

perhaps stop at León to see Spain's most beautiful cathedral, getting up next morning at four to traverse the province of León on the way to the Cantabrians. At a certain station in a deep valley watered by a mountain stream, there appear suddenly, for the first time, wooden shoes raised high on three iron pegs, one under the heel and two under the ball of the foot, and you are in the rainy part of Spain. You climb to 4,215 feet, pierce the mountain chain by a two-mile tunnel, and emerge looking down into the narrowest and most precipitous valleys you have ever seen, almost bottomless in the dawn, and across them to distant peaks and ridges in mingled clouds and snow already showing gold and silver from a just rising sun. The next station is only seven miles away, but it is 2,515 feet lower, and it takes twenty-six miles of winding about precipices, over bridges, and through fifty-eight tunnels, to reach it. Twenty-eight miles more, and you reach Oviedo, the capital of Asturias, in the valley of the Nalón, warm, rainy, fruitful, green, with wonderful hills and mountains all about, among which, too, not far distant, is Entralgo. Eighteen miles away, on the coast, is Gijón, where the remnants of the Armada came reeling in, and ten miles west of it, on an inlet, is Avilés.

The novelist's father, Don Silverio Valdés, was an advocate, and his mother came of a landholding family. They left the Entralgo estate in his infancy, and removed to Avilés, where he received his youthful education. At ten, he was sent to school in Oviedo. At the age of seventeen, after graduation from the University of Oviedo, he went to Madrid, where he studied law and social science, first with a legal career in mind, and then with the thought of a professorship in political economy.

But he felt the call of letters. Already in 1885, at the age of twenty-two, he became editor of the *Revista Europea* at Madrid, contributing articles on economics, history, and literature which were still in course in 1878. In 1881, at the age of twenty-eight, he shares with Leopoldo Alas in the publication of a critical volume, *La Literatura en 1881*, and in the same year goes to his native village and writes his first novel, *El Señorito Octavio*. In 1883, on his thirtieth birthday, he is married to a sixteen-year-old Basque girl in the little village of Candás, a

few miles west of Gijón on the Cantabrian coast. In a year and a half the idyll is a thing of the past—the girl wife is dead, though for him she lives on through a little son.

Here is fit preparation for the novelist and the artist—provincial birth and rearing, university training in a provincial capital, a home among simple people in a grand environment of mountain and sea, study in the national capital, with intimate literary associations in university and Athenæum, wide contact with books and men, an editorship, a critical faculty well developed and disciplined by actual critical work, and a measure of financial independence. All this, with the deepest of life's experiences—love, marriage, birth, death—to fertilize it.

The scene of *El Señorito Octavio*, the first novel—not counting *Crotalus Horridus*, a tale published three years before in the *Revista de Asturias*—is laid in a moist and verdant valley deep among the Cantabrians. It is Entralgo itself. The daughter of a country householder, a sane, sound, faithful girl, comes back to the valley, after years of absence, with the brutally cruel aristocrat she married at her father's bidding, and falls in love with the friend of her childhood, at the same time unconsciously inspiring a foolish passion in the Señorito Octavio, a romantic youth already engaged to the village apothecary's daughter Carmen. The content is golden. You are made to feel the charm of Cantabrian valley, stream, and mountain; you participate in the task of field and fold. You spend summer days with the laborers in the hay, or with the Count and his country-bred wife at the villa, or in excursions on the mountain sides; you pass long winter evenings in the big living-room of the householder, where servants and neighbors gather to spin and knit and talk of *reales* and *pesetas* and crops and the neighborhood affairs, and all kneel for a long telling of the rosary before the friendly good-night; you make one among the company of village gossips, young and old, who come together in the social back room of the village store to indulge in a friendly game of cards for small stakes. Plot, character-drawing, language—all are simple, natural, unforced. Even the somewhat sensational ending, which the author is said to look back upon without entire satisfaction, is the conclusion of a perfectly natural sequence of events.

Two years afterward appeared the much more famous *Marta y María*, known to English readers as *The Marquis of Peñalta*. In Nieva, the Avilés of the novelist's boyhood, lives the Elorza family, in the fine old mansion on the principal thoroughfare—the well-to-do and much respected father, an invalid mother, a daughter, María, twenty years old, beautiful and accomplished, and Marta, her sister, fourteen years old, of budding womanly charm and home-keeping ways. María is betrothed to the thoroughgoing, manly, but somewhat ordinary young Ricardo, Marquis of Peñalta. At first returning his love, she gradually yields to a growing devotion to Christ and the cloister, for a time delays the marriage, then suggests Platonic affection, and finally proposes to her lover a betrayal of the government armor factory, of which he is custodian, to the Carlist plotters with whom her devotion to the Church has led her in secret to unite—a proposal which convinces him at last of the hopelessness of his passion. María is finally arrested and carried away, a serene and joyful martyr, but is soon released, returns to find her mother dying of the shock, and at last enters the cloister. The home-keeping, practical Marta has meanwhile blossomed into womanhood, and has grown to love the troubled, disconsolate, and none-too-keen-sighted Ricardo, who finally discovers her affection—and his own—to the joy of the lonely father.

You close this book feeling that all the life of a Spanish town has been displayed to you. You have mingled with the men and boys of Nieva waiting outside the Elorza home to hear María sing; have been taken into the drawing-room where the party to which she sings is assembled, and introduced to the society of Spanish people; have seen María's room and the tokens of her mystic inclinations; have gone to mass with her and heard a Spanish sermon, and have witnessed the growth of her æsthetic ideas and their culmination in the ecstasies of prayer and scourging; have made the young Marquis's acquaintance and learned of a Spanish boy's bringing up; have visited Marta in dining-room, kitchen, and garden, and seen a fine Spanish girl at her baking, sweeping, ironing, and making of bouquets; have made an excursion to the island outside the bar, with a big picnic dinner in a villa on the rocks, and much merriment

coming and going; have witnessed Maria's arrest, and made the night march with her to the provincial capital, and seen a stubborn old Carlist die, rifle in hand, defying a whole squad of soldiers; have seen the most impressive last sacrament administered to Maria's mother, and seen her death and carrying away; and have seen Maria take the veil, and disappear. The most ordinary things of life are here depicted, and with never-failing vivid interest. They are depicted faithfully and plentifully, yet the story never flags. If there is a forced note in the whole novel, it is only the exception that proves the rule.

A short passage will illustrate. Ricardo and Marta have ranged the entire house in search of the escaped canary, and have caught sight of him, through the attic window, on the tile roof outside.

"There he is, there's Menino!" cried Marta. "He's right near! Menino! Menino! Come here, stupid! Here! Here! Don't you know me?"

Menino, who was six or eight paces distant, at sound of his mistress's voice cocked his head to one side with a gracious movement to listen. The rays of the sun that fell full upon him bathed his yellow plumage, making him stand out in such wise on the red of the roof that he seemed a little piece of animated gold. He gave three or four jumps as if intending to go to Marta, and said *pi, pii*.

"Do you want me to get out and see if I can catch him?" asked Ricardo.

"No, wait a little. . . . He seems to be coming himself. . . . Menino! Menino! . . . Come here, you mischief! . . . Come here! Come!"

Menino gave three or four jumps more, approaching, and came to a standstill, again cocking his head to listen. It isn't easy to know what passed through his head then: something depraved and low and dishonoring to the race to which he belongs, it must have been; because, forgetting in one moment the affectionate attentions of his mistress, her continual caresses, the many chocolates she had shared with him, her presents of biscuits and copious horns of canary seed, with great indifference he plumed himself before her eyes, said *pi, pii* several times with a certain nonchalance, and then, spreading his wings, took his way through space to lose himself among the foliage of the neighboring gardens.

Marta sent up a cry of grief.

"*Dios mio*, he's gone!"

"He's gone?"

"Yes!"

"Very far?"

"Away out of sight!"

"Then, by George, we've done it!"

Ricardo went up to the window, and following the direction of the girl's finger, looked and looked again, until his eyes stuck out, without seeing a thing that was within a league of looking like a canary. When he turned his eyes toward Marta, he observed that over her cheek a tear was rolling.

"Aren't you ashamed to be crying for a bird, little stupid?"

"You are right," answered the girl, trying very hard to smile, and wiping away the tear with her handkerchief. . . .

"But I had come to love him just like a person. . . . You see. . . I had been taking care of him for three years. . . ."

In *El Idilio de un Enfermo*, not even the exception can be found. This, the simplest, and not the least charming, of all the novels of Valdés, is the story of a young man who leaves Madrid for a period to recover in a remote village among the Cantabrians the health lost in high living at the capital. We lodge with him at the home of his uncle, the village priest, attend mass and hear the quaint country sermon, talk with the curate as he robes and unrobes in the sacristy, associate with the villagers and peasants, attend a *romería* on the mountainside. We are introduced with him to the peasant family whose daughter, timid and charmingly wholesome, but strong of character, loses her heart to him, and is driven by her ignorant and brutal father, who would force her to marry a lewd old *indiano*—the term for a returned American—to run away from home. The young man's character—a mixture of good and evil, weak and undisciplined—is psychologically perfect. The little village is the author's own birthplace, but his pen is under strict control, and never strays.

In 1885 appeared a little volume of *Agua Fuerte*, or *Etchings*, excellent specimens of artistic precision and restraint—and *José*, fresh with the breezes of the Bay of Biscay where they blow on the little fishing village of Candás, the home of the young wife who died that year. *José* is the acme of simplicity,

both in structure and content, and a beautiful example of the author's gift of sympathy with nature and with men. It has been translated into eight languages, and is used in American colleges. *Solo*, in the same volume, contains one of the finest little boys of four years I have ever met in fiction.

In 1886 came *Riverita*, soon to be followed by its sequel, *Maximina*. Both have an autobiographical basis; *Riverita* is Valdés, and *Maximina* the wife who had died in 1885, at eighteen, after a year and a half of wedded life. There are more persons in these pages, and the construction is not so simple, but the character-drawing is excellent, and the humor delightful. The claim of mere humanity is triumphant here. The old, old experiences of love, marriage, birth, death, and the memories they leave, are treated with a depth and a sympathy that make them once more new. And the loves of *Maximina* and *Riverita* have no background of verdant valley or snowclad mountain, none of the usual accessories of love and mating in novels. This, as a Spanish critic says, "is an idyll of the home, an idyll of ingenuous love in a second-story flat, right, of an apartment house." Those who have read *Maximina* will not wonder that Spanish husbands and lovers place the book in the hands of wives and *novias* as a new portrayal of *La Perfecta Casada*.

In *El Cuarto Poder*, printed in 1888, we are again in a seaport town. The author's ease and sense of humor are increasing. A young engineer is engaged to the plain, homely daughter of a local magnate of the middle class, and her coquettish younger sister steals away his affections, only to betray him after marriage and cause his suicide. Valdés's humor is frequently satirical, and here, among the bourgeois of the small Spanish town, finds much to laugh at—their family life, their social evenings, their business, their diversion in the village theatre and festival, their political ambitions, with all the ludicrous animosities they engender and all the vulgarities they bring to light. It is Horatian satire; you laugh at human weakness, yet without loss of sympathy for it.

La Hermana San Sulpicio appeared in 1889. In this Valdés leaves his native scenes and transports us to Andalusia, to Seville, city of the Cathedral and the Guadalquivir, city of narrow,

white-walled, almost Moorish streets and verdant, fragrant courts, city of life and light and heat and music and flowers and love—to Seville, the *Sultana del Mediodia*. Never was city so charmingly and so completely set forth to the reader—Seville of the streets and Seville of the home, Seville along the river, in park and promenade, in country villa, Seville in café and theatre and Seville in the Triana among the gallants and the poor, Seville by day and Seville by night. Yet not a line is tedious, and the book is a real and fascinating story. It is a realist who writes, but also a poet with vision clear as crystal:—

The deserted and melancholy atmosphere vibrated now no more with the least sound: only from hour to hour of the evening the ponderous stroke of the bell in the Giralda startled it with metallic clamor. The Sultana of Andalusia gave herself into the arms of sleep, under her splendid canopy of stars. Within her precincts, none the less, Love ever waked. Even to the dawning, in the strait and mysterious windings of her streets, could be seen here and there the gallant, standing motionless with forehead close against some grating.

Gloria, a young nun at the wish of her mother, but without vocation, whose pledge will expire in a month, is the Hermana San Sulpicio of the story, an Andalusian girl all brightness and life—"made of lizards' tails," as her irritated mother says. A Galician, with temperament contrasting in every way—Galician is the Spanish for slowness—is her lover, with a rival in a hard-headed, unpoetic young man from Malaga who misplaces his lips and spits through his teeth. To free Gloria from the mother who would force a renewal of her vows, to secure her property interests, and to marry her, are the tasks which confront the lover. The course of true love maintains its reputation in commendable manner; there are jealousies, reconciliations, intrigues, and quite the proper number of difficulties. It is not a very intricate story, though its pages present a great number and variety of characters, but it is a good story, well distributed, and Seville is turned inside out for the reader, so to speak, without his being conscious of having read description at all. The book teems with sparkling Andalusian incident:—

The sky communicated its joy to the city, and the city communicated it to the heart of him who trod her streets. Through the big windows with their gratings my eyes explored without hindrance the interiors of her habitations. In one, there sat sewing two girls dressed in white, with roses in their hair. On observing the insistent gaze which I directed toward them, they smiled with roguishness. In another, a girl was playing the piano, with back toward the street: I stopped a moment to listen to her, and with me a woman of the people, who, putting her face to the grating, called out:—

"Señorita, Señorita!"

The girl turned, asking: "What is it?"

"Nothing, Señorita, . . . that I liked you from behind, and wanted to see whether from in front——"

"And how do you like me from in front?" answered the girl, as if all were a matter of course.

"Like a rosebud, my heart's delight."

"Thanks, ever so much!"

And she tranquilly turned to resume her playing. I went on my way with a smile.

In 1890 and 1892 appeared *La Espuma* and *La Fe*, the former a novel of Madrid high life called by French critics themselves a French novel with Spanish accessories, the latter a novel with a mingling of French and Spanish characteristics. In 1893, *El Maestrante*, with scene at Oviedo; in 1894, *El Origen del Pensamiento*, the story of a crack-brained old man, in pretentious middle-class setting, who sought to discover the origin of thought by experiment upon his grandchild, spirited away for the purpose; in 1896 *Los Majos de Cádiz*, a story of the bowery life of Cadiz; in 1899, *La Alegría del Capitán Ribot*, with Valencian setting, portraying the victorious moral struggle of a man brought much into contact with the wife of a slowly dying friend, called by its author "an eternal protest against the adultery of the French novel," taken little to heart by the incorrigible French themselves, and appealing very little to English and American readers either as a protest or as a struggle; in 1903, *La Aldea Perdida*, a lyric story of Cantabrian village life, with an undercurrent of sadness at the threatened decay of its joyous picturesqueness before the advance of the railway and

modern industry; in 1906, *Tristán, o el Pesimismo*; in 1911, *Papeles del Doctor Angélico*, a volume of essays, sketches, and stories—these complete the list of Valdés's published works.

"And do you intend to continue writing?" he was recently asked.

"I can tell you nothing more at present than that I am resting," he replied, "and that for all the gold in the world I would not take up my pen. Will I persist in this inactivity? I have no plan formed. It is possible I shall write something—perhaps some scientific book, for there is where my interest is deepest now. I agree with Schopenhauer, that one ought not to write when he has nothing to say; and nothing occurs to me, just now, to say."

II.

Valdés's appeal has been wide. He has gone in translation to France, England and North America, Holland, Portugal, Germany, Sweden, Russia, and Bohemia, and in the original to the islands and South America. England and the United States, hearth-and-home-loving countries, and countries to whose imagination Spain has always appealed, have been his most cordial admirers abroad. He seems to have waited some time for popularity at home, and was not chosen to membership in the Spanish Academy until April, 1906, when he took the seat left vacant by Pereda's death. In the same month his fellow alumni of Oviedo organized a celebration in his honor, and published the letters and speeches then read and delivered. He has the reputation of never having written a line of fiction for love of money, and of never having indulged in anything that savored of advertising.

That Valdés is a realist is perfectly clear; his scenic and social backgrounds are real, his men and women solid and warm to the touch. That he is not the photographic, and sometimes unpoetic and vulgar, realist known to criticism as the naturalist, is quite as quickly apparent. He has unexcelled powers of observation, and never shrinks from the truth, but he selects. His is not the sort of realism that seems religiously bent on uncovering ugliness and letting loose the stench of the world. In the sentence of George Meredith, he does

not mistake the muddy shallows for the depths of nature. His realism is idealistic.

In other words, Valdés is a poetic realist. He would agree with Valera: "The novel should be poetry, not history; that is, it should paint things not as they are, but fairer than they are, illuminating them with a light that casts over them a certain charm"—except that he would paint them, not fairer than they are, but in the fair aspect which they all possess for him who has eyes to see.

Still further, he is not only a realist, and a poetic realist, but an artist—an artist by temperament, by theory, and by practice. Some poets are not artists, and certainly many realists leave something to be desired. Never did a novelist follow more consistently for thirty-five years the ideal formulated in early youth. "The novel may serve, and always has served, a social end," he says, at twenty-five. "But I must inform you, for the satisfaction of certain literary scruples, that the novel is before all else a work of art, and that as such its first end is to realize beauty. The rest is obtained by way of addition. The novel, like any other work of art, may, though not necessarily because obliged, teach something. As a matter of fact, it constitutes a true power in our society, exercises a legitimate influence on our manners. . . . The task of the critic in this respect consists in observing in what manner this has been brought to pass. He must never forget that he is the defender of art against the excesses of passion or the invasion of the didactic spirit."

But there are many artists who display both thoughtfulness of detail and beauty of detail, and still fail of the highest art. The quality that makes of the poetic realist in Valdés a great artist is one most often and most lamentably lacking—the very simple quality of measure. Measure is the key to appreciation of Valdés.

There is measure in his pure and natural diction. He does not, like Valera, put the language of culture into the mouths of all his characters; nor, like Pereda, use provincialisms and dialect so freely that no one outside of his own province can read with ease. He is not an exquisite, like Valle-Inclán, nor can he be charged with carelessness, like Ibáñez. The copiousness and

rhetoric of southern Europe are no mark of his; yet he is conscious that prose, as well as poetry, is an artistic medium, and his language is remarkably smooth and fluent. Like all prose in whose composition the ear has played a part, it is pleasant to read aloud.

There is measure in his treatment of natural background. You might expect an Asturian to run riot in description of one of nature's most charming nooks; but the scenery is never allowed to cumber the stage or distract attention. It is important, but important chiefly as it serves to give relief to character and action. In this he is ancient classical: humanity is the all-absorbing interest, all else accessory. He is fully aware of the dangers of naturalism. The naturalistic school, he grants, has deserved great praise for tightening once more the bond between man and the exterior world, so long broken in literature; but it has abused its privilege. "The disciples of Flaubert," he says in the prologue to *Los Majos de Cádiz* in 1896, "have carried their love for description to such an extreme that characters and situations can scarcely be distinguished among the dense foliage. . . . The brilliant descriptions of the naturalists flatter the imagination by facilitating its action, but their novels rarely leave a profound impression on the spirit."

There is measure in Valdés's use of the details of daily life. Even in the works frankly entitled *Novelas de Costumbres*, the lines of the story are always made more distinct, never blurred or obscured, by the laying on of local color. His architecture is classical, never rococo or baroque. The ornament is beautiful, but subordinate. Social as well as scenic Spain is but a background to character. The Spanish home and its occupations, the Spanish street and its activities, the church, the shop, the village, and the *fiesta*, are not for themselves; they are part of the personalities of the people who appear in them. In *Marta y María* you are made to see most vividly the life of kitchen, dining-room, laundry, and garden, but it is really the character of the Spanish girl you contemplate all the time — Marta baking, Marta sweeping and dusting, Marta setting the table, Marta making bouquets. So blent with Marta in an inseparable whole is all the home that when the girl appears in the street the im-

pression is painful; she is no longer natural, no longer graceful—she is no longer Marta. In *El Señorito Octavio*, all the while that you are being shown the country household life of the Cantabrians, it is Laura's character you are really learning.

As a result of this measured use of scenic and social accessories, there is measure in the length of his works. Few of them reach the average length of the English or American novel, and only one, *El Cuarto Poder*, appeared in two volumes. From detail to detail and episode to episode, the pen moves lightly and surely on, and you are through before you know it—too often, to your regret. "She'll wish there was more," says Sam Weller, "and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

Again, there is measure in his objectivity—in his keeping himself out the page, I mean. Valdés creates living people and sets them to acting. He does not discuss in words their motives or their thoughts, or criticise their conclusions. In this also he is a Greek. Rarely does a word escape him in the nature of personal opinion. You are not told, and you are not always sure, whether he is Catholic or free-thinker, republican or monarchist. If you have no doubt that Marta has chosen the better part, it is not because he says so, or because he condemns María. This does not mean that he is colorless. You are left with distinct impressions of his moral attitude. He is never preachy: his novels are not "*libros de misa un poco romancescos*," as he characterized Fernán Caballero's; yet you are immediately sensitive to what Miguel de Unamuno calls "the aroma of honorable purpose and goodness of heart which emanate from them," and agree with him that Valdés is "one of the men who have given me pleasures the purest and most fruitful of my life."

There is measure in his attitude toward the problem novel: "To preach rebellion to the young, and particularly to the female sex, without fully justifying this unthinking struggle with society; to let slip among the passionate impulses of the human heart a multitude of doubts whose examination could not seriously be carried to a conclusion within the labyrinths of a story, is, in my opinion, one of the characteristics which most disfigure and make dangerous the modern novel literature of France." There are, to be sure, problem novels among the

works of Valdés—even social, religious, and industrial problem novels, but the social and religious questions they propound are not sociological, not theological, not local, and are neither modern nor ancient. They belong to the human race. It is a tribute to Valdés's sense of art that the problem in his novel is not felt as such.

He is measured in construction of plot and portrayal of character. His plots are not only not improbable; they are hardly representations of the exceptional in life. They are well conceived, and their development wrought with sure and skilful hand; yet they are utterly simple, and their situations rarely unfamiliar. You will never see the *deus ex machina* in Valdés. His characters, too, are easily understood, and are rarely made to do the surprising or unexpected thing. Some few of them are wholly bad, and one of them, Maximina, is wholly good; but they are living figures, not types from melodrama. The great majority are so entirely human that the art of character-drawing never occurs to you. His women especially are fine, vigorous, healthy, wholesome types—Gloria, Carmen, Rosa, Maximina, Julia, Marta, and a dozen others—with red blood, good digestion, sane and sensible habits, and unquestioning faith and faithfulness. And the flesh is given its due; these women inspire the men they meet with physical, as well as with spiritual, passion. Yet rarely more than its due. From the French novel, its friends tell us, we must subtract, and to the English must add. With Valdés, you need do neither.

Finally, Valdés is measured in the difficult art of employing humor. Always in dangerous relation with distortion and absurdity, humor may easily defeat the ends of realistic art. The Spaniard in general is quick to see the ludicrous—perhaps because he is quick to see the real; and Valdés is chief among them. With a natural bent toward the humor of exaggeration, he often savors of Dickens; yet his humor in the main is of a more reasonable and quiet sort. It more resembles the genial, personal humor of Mr. Howells.

Measure means simplicity, on which I have dwelt, and unity and taste, of which specifically I have said little. In a word, Valdés's art at its best recalls the qualities that M. Henri Lechat

attributes to Attic art—measure, simplicity, distinction without effort, precision without hardness.

This feeling for measure, and for Hellenic quality in general, is no doubt a natural possession. Yet Valdés's art was made as well as born. After having discovered for himself his Greek affinity, I find that the Hellenic ideal has long, perhaps always, been in his consciousness. In the prologue to *Los Majos* he says: "To find a perfect harmony between background and figures and, in general, among all the elements of composition, we must go to the Greeks. They alone have possessed the secret of producing all the beauties of a piece without having one work harm to another, of portraying in art the profound harmonies which exist in the natural world."

III.

Somewhat for my own sake, but more for the sake of my author, I should greatly dislike being thought in my appreciation to have failed of that Hellenic measure which I praise so highly in him. The literary lover, as well as the more common sort, is likely to love in the object of his affection not so much the real individual as the ideal of the class. To cite a few instances of Valdés's fallibility would easily be possible. Some of his works are much better than others, and there are one or two which have added little to his fame. Once in a while he strikes a false note, and once in a while depicts a false situation—but only once in a while. Once in a very great while, too, the realist's device to motivate description of domestic or other detail becomes noticeable, and art is dangerously near to artificiality; for example, the escape of the canary, whose pursuit takes us through all the rooms of Marta's home. And once in a while the American reader will regret his author's freedom of speech.

A more serious failing lies in a certain slightness felt in some of Valdés's works. This may be what is meant by the assertion sometimes made that he is inferior to Galdós as a psychologist; or perhaps we should invoke another useful word, and say he lacks intensity. Yet I hesitate to say this. Measure, in the twentieth century, must pay the penalty of being misunderstood. Measure means calm and serenity, virtues not wholly appreciated in an

age when virtue means to shout and to run and to come to grips with much purpling of face and starting of eyes. The reader of the novel in general, and particularly the novel in northern Europe and America, is accustomed to unevenness, exaggeration, and even distortion. The northern is the novel of character, we are sometimes told, with the usual epigrammatical incompleteness, and the southern the novel of situation. Restlessness, vague longings, passionate yearnings, Titanic moral crises, fightings without and fears within, perspiration, tears, anguish—the reader expects all this, and looks for the novelist to describe it for him, and furnish an interpretation; and if all this isn't present, and enough of it to obstruct and obscure the action, and if he isn't obfuscated so much by description, he feels that somehow he has been cheated of his right to something deep. Real solidity and turbid obscurity have this quality in common, that they require an effort of the vision. Really clear matter and shallowness have in common the quality of being easily seen through. It is not so surprising, therefore, as it is unfortunate, that clearness is often confounded with lack of profundity, and mere muddiness with the deep things of God.

The depths of Valdés are calm depths, but they are depths. The love of man and woman, the love of children, the love of God, patriotism, pride, honor, joy, sorrow, pathos, hatred, despair—all the passions are quick in his pages, and the stirring scene that lives in the reader's memory is frequent. We may grant that he is not to be ranked with the world's greatest geniuses in the novel—with a Thackeray or a Balzac; yet there are qualities in which it would be hard to find any novelist equalling him, to say nothing of surpassing. For keenness of observation, for the artist's instinct in selection, for truth to nature and freedom from the improbable, for measure in every one of its literary manifestations, it is not too much to say that no novelist in Spain or anywhere else has written a half dozen novels that surpass the half dozen best from his pen. To read him even in English, with much of the aroma lost, is a rare pleasure, as the sale of two hundred thousand *Maximinas* testifies. To read him in his own delightful tongue is to participate in the life of Spain, and to thank the infinitely wise Author of all pleasures for the Tower of Babel and the accident of foreign language.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

Madison, Wisconsin.

SYNDICALISM IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

It is mostly in periods of turmoil, strife, and confusion that people care much about history.—WM. MORRIS.

Syndicalism is a new force amongst us. It has been developed in France as a result of peculiar labor conditions and is now taking hold in the United States. It foment class struggles with a view to obviating capitalistic exploitation of labor, to making all industries coöperative,—owned by the workers and not by capitalists,—and to accomplishing this transfer by the general strike or any other expedient method. Its working hypothesis is a firm belief in the right of the laboring man, in order to gain what he deems legitimate ends, to obstruct by any means within his power, the regular process of production.

In the autumn of 1912 there was formed the Syndicalist Educational League for the direction of the activities of both the organized and unorganized workers of America. This is the present practical manifestation of an attempt at precise application of revolutionary philosophy. The league aims at teaching the doctrines of the French *Confédération Générale du Travail*, e.g., the general strike, *sabotage*, and boycott, the organization of the unorganized, and industrial action generally, as opposed to political action. The ultimate objective of all action is to be the ownership and control of each industry by the workers employed in it, with all industries coördinated by means of a Federal Board. The method they are employing in New York is that of permeating the rank and file of existing unions with the syndicalistic ideas. They aim not at destroying the American Federation of Labor, the form of which might well be suited to their purpose, but at revolutionizing it from within by means of educational propaganda among its members. It is in this respect that the Syndicalist Educational League differs essentially from the Industrial Workers of the World. The "I. W. W.," as they are called, have a like objective and similarly, especially in the Chicago-Los Angeles division in distinction from the Detroit body, believe in and preach the general strike, *sabotage*, and the rest; and of course actually organize the un-

organized. But they leave the established unions severely alone, or seek rather to destroy them by building up a rival organization, judging the unions incapable of being revolutionized from within. In addition they believe in the centralization idea, "one big union" for all workers. Pure propaganda and active agitation are thus the items of the programme of this new Syndicalist League; its function is chiefly "to educate the proletariat to the necessity of effective, revolutionary, and economic action in the conduct of labor's struggle against capitalism,"¹ not to attempt to establish a new complex organization but to transform the American Federation.

It is a new force in our midst. It is sublimated Trades Unionism,—dynamic, rather than static.

Syndicalism is the revolutionary philosophy of labor. It has arisen as a synthesis of the radical ideas of the parlor philosophers and of the fundamental spirit of practical revolt against industrial slavery. Philosophically, it is based on the conception of M. Bergson that the world, life, and society are continually in motion and cannot be fixed by laws. A snap-shot is taken; time moves on, and the picture is straightway of the past and not of the present. And so, a generalization of even the most radical ideas soon becomes "out of date," conservative, reactionary, representative of a desire for the persistence of certain institutions. *We* shall judge for to-day but must leave it to posterity to judge for the future. We must put no restrictions on coming generations; our right is self-government, and we must not forget that the right of our children, and even the right of the slightly altered society of next week or to-morrow, is also self-government. These are the ideas on which this philosophy is founded and we can see that their application has much in common with pure Anarchism.

¹ Mr. Ernest Thurstle, Secretary of the New York Syndicalist Educational League, has been kind enough to give me rather full authoritative information concerning the propaganda, aims, and purpose of the American organization. I must admit that it seems to be principally a journalistic and oratorical movement, existing almost solely on paper; but in its transforming function, as opposed to independent organization, this fact seems natural and consistent.

It is now a commonplace of intellectual history that the French Revolution has been responsible for the gradually accumulating nineteenth-century irreverence for tradition, and for the spread of a secure faith in Rationalism and of resistance to oppression. This influence was very marked in both English thought and French thought, English labor movements and French labor movements.

In the summer of 1789, news of the Revolution came from Paris and startled the English court, the English "intellectuals," and the workers of the English nation. A spirit of sympathetic radicalism arose among the philosophic followers of the early Rationalists. Numerous Revolutionary Societies, Societies for Constitutional Information, and Corresponding Societies were formed in London. Yet the mass of the people of the England of the last decade of the eighteenth century did not take kindly to this "radicalism," as it later came to be called. They tended to reaction from the principles of the French Revolution and followed the conservative champion Burke rather than the visionary revolutionaries.² With him they believed, and raised their hands in horror at the fact, that "the French had shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin that had existed in the world."³ But this popular feeling and sentimental attachment for the decayed institutions of other years was ever after engaged in perpetual combat against the heritage of revolt left by the "radicals."

There were Mary Wollstonecraft, author of *The Rights of Woman*, early teacher of feminism and first of the suffragettes; Tom Paine, energetic advocate of freedom, and vigorous assailer of established religion; Thomas Spence, who represented a sort of Henry George land scheme; John Thelwall, denouncer of abuses in the industrial and economic life of the nation; and Thomas Holcroft, self-instructed man of letters, successful novelist, able dramatist, ever ready to write for the cause of stern

²The generally accepted idea of the public opinion of the period. Cf. Lecky, *Hist. Eng. 18th Century*, vol. v, p. 486; W. Hunt, *Hist. Eng. 1760-1800*, p. 330; *Cam. Mod. Hist.*, vol. viii, p. 157, chap. 25; Sorel, *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, vol. ii, p. 16, 144 ff.

³*Works*, Edmund Burke, Boston, 1807 ed., vol. iii, p. 5.

morality and simple justice in social and political life. Chief member and foremost exponent of this school was a "slender dissenting minister of gentle manners and quiet habits," William Godwin, author of *Political Justice*. He had the widest influence of all, and his chief thesis was the abolition of property, and all other institutions,—but especially property and precedent. He is regarded to-day as founder of Anarchism. But, in his own time, he was considered too deeply philosophical to be dangerous. He lacked the bold, ruthless invective of Paine. He was a "closet philosopher," a "parlor radical," and ended his life under the patronage of the Grey ministry. But, as a philosopher, he yet provided men of action and men of words with the ammunition of radical ideas. Spence, Gerrald, Thelwall, Frend, and Barlow, of the revolutionary societies, all harked back to theories promulgated at simple dinner parties in the home of Godwin. Wordsworth was moved by "Godwinianism" as much as by "Rousseauism"; the Shelley of the *Notes to Queen Mab* was actually proud to be able to sit at the feet of Godwin; and there may be traced in Bulwer-Lytton influences which grew out of a friendship for the pale little clergyman. The spark of this theoretical radicalism, kept alive partially by William Cobbett, later merged with the practical and economic radicalism of the Luddite riots to produce the Chartist agitations; and this was the direct contribution of the French Revolution to British rebellions and popularist movements of the nineteenth century.

It merged with them; but still it never combined properly. It was as if two chemicals were in solution without reaction. The frame-breaking disturbances of 1811 and the few years following were all purely labor riots. The real attempts at radical reform were kept in the sphere of pure politics. To be sure, the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 and the presentations of the three great Chartist petitions were made possible by a stirring up of the lower classes. In 1832 the promise to the workers was, that they should soon procure the same political rights as the middle class were even then procuring. In the three Chartist movements the motive was admittedly political; and political reform was presented to the workers as a mere step to social and economic reform. But the fine flower of early

radicalism which received its first impetus from the drums and trappings of the French Revolution has failed in England to inspire the workingmen to violence,—and it has failed because British radicalism has chiefly been of the “parlor” variety, because it has sought to use the laboring classes instead of to aid them, because it has been a movement of the middle class to secure their own benefit and afterwards to forget the laborers. A consideration of the facts will lead us to no other conclusion but that Carlyle was wrong when he said in 1839, “The living essence of Chartism cannot be put down; it is born of the bitter discontent of the English workingman.” Carlyle was wrong; Chartist agitation was but the result of exploitation of this “bitter discontent” among the British workingmen, in order to produce “demonstrations,” even “monster demonstrations,” which should assist in gaining the ends of the bourgeoisie. Chartism was put down, though the good things in their platform have been granted by a reasonable government.

This is the reason why, until recently, there has been no Syndicalism in England. The laboring class has always desired to better its condition; but the issues were confused. From the early frame-breaking disturbances and the famous Manchester riots to later coöperative stores, O'Connell land schemes, Corn Law Leagues, and Trades Unionism, the workers have sought to accomplish their own ends in their separate conditions; and from the liberal parties in Parliament, there have been many concessions from the Government, culminating in much really beneficial social reform accomplished in the opening decade of the twentieth century.⁴ In addition, throughout the nineteenth century the workers were also involved in the continual struggle for those political rights which had been secured by the French in the rush and roar of one great state whirlwind, in “the principles of 1789.” England has spent the nineteenth century catching up with France; and British labor troubles have been

⁴Hayes, *British Social Politics*, deals with these reform measures. The last paragraph in the book is significant of all such political action. It is a quotation from the speech of Lord Asquith, and he speaks of the Government “conferring the greatest benefit” upon the British workingman and upon mankind: p. 572.

obscured by the more important fight in the arena of politics. Syndicalism marks the advance in revolutionary France beyond 1789. We may note in passing that in many of the British railroad strikes of the last three or four years there has been a decided syndicalist coloring in the aggressions of the workers; and this coloring has been of the nature of a change effected in existing unions through educational propaganda rather than any real growth from fundamental conditions. Until England catches up politically, Syndicalism cannot become as widespread as it is across the channel; and it is probable that before she does catch up, the Liberal Party now in the government coalition will have relieved many of the grievances out of which a syndicalist movement might rise.

Syndicalism is thus peculiarly a French institution and it is applicable only in countries where there is general political freedom, where the workers can be deceived into imagining that the gospel of the Rights of Man according to France and America has been tried and found wanting. It is a supplement to political equality which shall guarantee social and economic equality. France and America, its advocates say, are the only countries really ready for Syndicalism because they are the only ones where the "illusion" of political equality as an ultimate goal is no longer confused with social and economic equality.

Thus Syndicalism, grown from certain French tendencies and conditions, has no exact analogy in British radicalism of any period—the British radicalism until recently has always been theoretically and practically aimed at gaining universal manhood suffrage and at other political ideas and ideals which the French left behind them during the stormy years from the Oath of the Tennis Court to the Guillotine and The Terror.

The Industrial Revolution of our day resulted from a combination of the eighteenth-century Commerce Revolution and the eighteenth-century inventions, substituted the man-directed machine for the man-driven tool, and caused a change in the world's work from domestic and scattered to factory and capitalized manufacture. The laborers thus became mere operatives instead of artisans: they were thrown into competition

with machinery and, when the machines operated by women and children conquered the skill of men, then men became objects of capitalistic exploitation. The factory system developed; and slums marred the cities. Personal interest between employer and employee ceased to exist; and the men lived, and worked, and were paid, from day to day.

In 1791 Tom Paine said, "Whatever the apparent cause may be, the real cause of any riots is always lack of happiness." The change in the world's work which we have called the Industrial Revolution caused considerable "lack of happiness" among the working classes. In England the chafing at new conditions emphasized itself in Luddite riots, and in Reform Bill and Chartist demonstrations that aimed to secure redress through politics. In France the laborers learned that politics, in which they had already been admitted to full privileges, had nothing to offer them, and sought from the start to gain their ends by direct and economic action. And so, most important of all, the revolutionary tradition, which in England had died out in vague radical theories, immediately became, in France, the moving force of economic struggles.

The first union in France, a union of carpenters, was formed in 1790 immediately upon the passage of the law which granted the privilege to men of every class "to assemble peacefully and to form among themselves free associations, subject only to the laws which all citizens must obey."⁵ But, during the same year, again in 1803, and again in 1810, laws were passed which prohibited all such conditions; especially those among workers "to suspend, hinder, or make dear labor."⁶ Yet, in spite of this, there sprang up various trade organizations called "*compagnonnages*," largely of the benevolent type with fantastic rituals, and other organizations, very particularly designated as *sociétés de résistance*, for the direction of strikes and bettering the situation of the worker. These were attempts analogous to those of the English Luddites and Trades Unionists, except that they were movements better organized and directed to more tangible and more immediate ends.

⁵ *Les Associations Professionnelles Ouvrières*, Paris, 1899, vol. i, p. 7.

⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 18.

During the decade 1840-1850 two noteworthy contributions were made to the labor situation. Marx and Engels, in their theory of the Economic Interpretation of History, emphasized the importance of the workingman and first definitely promulgated the idea of a class struggle, summarized in the ringing words with which they closed the Communist Manifesto: "The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Workingmen of all nations, unite!" Karl Marx has shown in his book on *Capital* that he knew the economic situation; and Frederick Engels has shown in his book on *The Working Class in England in 1844* that he knew the wretched condition of the "exploited" laborers. The contemplation of these facts leads us to realize that the ideas of Engels and Marx were not mere dreams. They were founded on the most real of all realities, poverty,—poverty in its most awful form and as an inevitable result of economic conditions. It was against these conditions that the leaders were urging the workers to co-operate in battle.

The other contribution was the coöperative idea. The transformation of *Le Journal du Peuple* into *La Réforme* in 1843 marked the beginning of Socialist propaganda, the inception of a communist ideal rather than the Owen, or Saint Simon, type of Utopian dreams. Louis Blanc insisted on the right of all citizens to employment and, though the national workshop scheme failed, the idea of the "organization of work" persisted as a moving force in French labor tendencies. It persisted and, in spite of the hostility of the government toward combinations of any sort, association of the workers was urged continually until the ministry announced in 1868 that the government would permit the laboring class to organize under equal conditions with the employers. These years from 1848-1868 were roughly contemporary with those in which Trades Unionism in England expanded and increased with a clearer consciousness of its function and its purpose. Organization of the workers as a class, which Marx and Engels had advocated in 1844, was in the very air.

The International Association of Workingmen, formed in 1864 and given new life under government toleration, was the genesis

of modern Syndicalism. Three elements were prominent in this body; the advocates of the Proudhon doctrine of mutuality based on the assumption that the workers must achieve their own salvation and not trust to others; the advocates of the co-operative idea of earlier movements and earlier struggles; and the advocates of Blanqui Communism. It was planned to use the general strike in order to make the workers the possessors of all the instruments of production. But the International did not amount to much as an organization, for its direct influence was destroyed in the upheaval of the Prussian War, the establishment of the Third Republic, and the disturbance of the Commune.

The rest of the history is fairly brief. Before the Franco-Prussian War the means and aims of labor action had been crystallized into certain black-and-white principles. Later it only remained for the laboring classes to be educated to an acceptance of them and for the "conscious minority" to put them into operation.

After the establishment of the Third Republic, organization of the workers was straightway begun anew. The inclination during these years in French history was toward the formation of political parties, as for example, the Church Party was just beginning to become prominent. This inclination showed itself in labor circles in two ways: it helped in the establishment of the associations; and it later caused a division. Some wanted to organize the working class into an efficient political machine; others wished to eschew politics altogether. The first group, called the Broussists, aimed to accomplish their ends through a political control of the established municipal and national governments. The second group, the Guesdists, indulged in politics but simply as a temporary expedient. Political office was to be sought and held by them, only in the spirit of Marx and Engels,—that it might be used as a convenient rostrum from which to educate, assemble, and lead the proletariat. The field of political struggle was to be a convenient rallying place until the time was ripe for more direct advance, until there would come "the revolution which the nineteenth century held within itself." The process was one of developing and preserv-

ing in political organization an effective instrument for future economic struggles.

Syndicalism arose from the second of these groups and arose as the result of still another split, this time on the principle of the general strike. In 1886 the various local *syndicats* (from which the name syndicalism is derived) which had existed as scattered unorganized workingmen's clubs for the purpose of superintending strikes and securing improvements in conditions of labor, a growth of the *sociétés de résistance*, were centralized into the "National Federation of Syndicates." This body was overrun and exploited politically by the Guesdists; but it was intended to be a great fighting machine, an unceasing and unrelenting enemy of capital. In 1887 the Broussists established the first *Bourse du Travail*, a local labor exchange in Paris for organizing the workers in the ordinary course of business and for assisting those in search of employment. In 1892 the scattered and unorganized labor exchanges were centralized under the "National Federation of *Bourses du Travail*,"—a peaceful parallel to the National Syndical Federation, aiming to carry out on a larger and more comprehensive scale the work of the locals and to gain from the government various social and labor reforms. These two national federations existed side by side until in 1895, when they combined in the *Confédération Générale du Travail*.

The *Confédération Générale du Travail* has maintained the idea of coöperation among the workingmen, the tradition of the general strike and economic action rather than political action, and the aim of collectivity. This is the body which has federated the French laborers, directed the strikes, and has ever aimed at an ideal situation where the workers in each industry shall own and control their own production. In other words, their plan of procedure includes the fighting aid of the *syndicats* to accomplish an end of coöperative ownership. "The *Confédération* seems to combine two elements, one of which is hateful and is, also, the most in evidence and the most active,—the revolutionary spirit. The other must be sought *sous la langue* and is excellent—the reforming spirit. The question is whether the professional and reforming spirit can triumph over the other, for

the future of the *Confédération* depends upon the line it takes in this matter."¹

Syndicalism, then, as the word has come to be accepted to-day, denotes both an end and a method.² The end shall be a perfected Trades Unionism where, as to-day in Italy in the farming and the bottle-blowing industries, large and extensive plants are successfully operated by the workers and for the workers. Where unions are, as it were, horizontal and combine members of a single trade in all industries, the *syndicat* is a vertical combination of members of all trades in the single industry into a practical working unit—as much of a unit as the old-time eighteenth-century worker at his domestic hand-loom. The method of arriving at this ideal social and economic condition shall be a forcible taking over of the industries out of the hands of the employers, or the peaceful establishment of new plants or purchase of old. As the capital of the *syndicats* has been as yet very limited, they cannot purchase or establish; and so the active work of those bodies has been chiefly confined to aggressive measures, such as the general strike, *sabotage*, and boycott. The federation of *syndicats* now includes workers on the railways, in the iron business, in weaving and spinning factories, in mining, in the building and food-stuff trades. Their attacks have been of the nature of complete cessation of work, the confusion and direct disobedience of orders, the violent attempts to appropriate private property in the name of the *syndicat*. It is hoped by the agitators that some of the capitalists may become discouraged and abandon their plants so that the *syndicat* can simply assume control and continue production.

"Ainsi seulement, pour nous et pour tous ceux qui veulent juger sainement, le syndicalisme réalisera sa mission historique, déterminée par l'article première des statuts de la C. G. T.: elle groupe, en dehors de toute école politique, tous les travailleurs conscients de la lutte à mener pour la disparition du salariat et du patronat."³

¹ M. Saint Leon, in a speech at Amiens, August, 1907.

² The Congress of Amiens in 1906 voted that "the syndicat, now a group of resistance, in the future will be the group of production and of distribution, the basis of social organization."

³ *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, November, 1913.

In this wise has the syndicalist movement gained headway in France. It is the modern practical fusion of the desire of the workers for improvement of present conditions and of the theoretical idea of the intellectuals. The practical view was predominant at the Congress of Amiens in 1906, which voted that this "double task of every-day life and of the future follows from the very situation of the wage-earners, which exerts its pressure upon the working class and which makes it a duty for all workingmen, whatever their opinions or their political or philosophical tendencies, to belong to the essential group which is the *syndicat*," and that "in order that Syndicalism may attain its maximum of effectiveness, economic action should be exercised directly against the class of employers." The syndicalist movement has always retained this practical aspect of a hand-to-hand struggle between Capital and Labor at the very door of the factory and has not been dragged away from its immediate object as Socialism has by the irrelevances of the political arena. M. Hubert Lagardelle, formerly a leading advocate but now out of direct sympathy with syndicalism because he disapproves of violence, recently rendered the following judgment: "It is a sign of force that syndicalism does not refuse to criticise itself. It presents itself as an interpretation of life. It must be moving as life, and always on the level of experience. . . . It corrects itself by learning."¹⁰ *It must be moving*: these words suggest the identity of the syndicalist idea with M. Bergson's Philosophy of Change. *It must be moving*: and it plans for the years to come. "The syndicalist 'charter,' voted at the Congress of Amiens in 1906, was an historical prospect rather than a reflection of the present. It was a view of the future."¹¹ Through all the records of syndicalist action in France the whole attitude has been particularly practical, unhasty, deliberate, and far-seeing.¹²

¹⁰ *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, Sept.-Oct. 1913, No. 244, p. 163.

¹¹ *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, Sept.-Oct. 1912, No. 244, p. 161. Substantially reaffirmed at the Congress of Havre, Sept. 16, 1912.

¹² *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, Nov. 1912, No. 245, p. 270: Caston Lévy says of the Congress of Havre: "On the other questions in the order of the day the same care of precision prevailed and also the same desire to sacrifice even individual preferences to the organic unity."

The Congress of Amiens in 1906 declared that the laboring class ought not to await liberation at the hands of State, employer, or Heaven, but should gain it by its own action. "The accomplishment of partial reforms which create a community of interests and so determine a common inspiration to unite men, bind them together and urge them to the final conflict—the general strike of expropriation."¹³ This idea was renewed at the twelfth *Confédéral Congrès du Havre* held September 16-22, 1912, and this stands to-day as very nearly, if not precisely, the true formation of syndicalist theory:—

In its daily claim, Syndicalism seeks to coördinate the efforts of the workers, the accomplishment of better conditions for the workers by the realization of immediate improvements, such as the shortening of hours, the increase of wages, etc.

But this work is only one phase of the syndicalist programme; it prepares for the complete emancipation which can only be realized through the capitalistic expropriation; it advocates as the means of action, the general strike, and considers that the *syndicat* to-day, a unit for resistance, will become in the future the unit of production and distribution, based on the social reorganization.

The Congress declares that this daily work of to-day and of the future comes from the wage-situation which weighs down the working class, and which imposes upon all workers, whatever may be their philosophical or political tendencies, a duty to belong to the fundamental unit which is the *syndicat*.

As a consequence, in whatever concerns the individuals, the Congress proclaims complete freedom for the members to participate, outside of the corporate unit, in such activities as correspond to his idea in philosophy or politics, and limits itself to demand of him in return only that he should not introduce into the *syndicat*, opinions professed elsewhere. They stand for coöperation and for direct and economic action against the employers—coöperation in securing their rights, coöperation in enjoying them.¹⁴

The syndicalist movement in France has had its reflection in America in the activities of the Industrial Workers of the World,

¹³ *Bataille Syndicaliste*, Aug. 27, 1913.

¹⁴ *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, Nov. 1912, p. 269.

a body which is somewhat akin to the old Knights of Labor, and a branch of which directed the famous Lawrence strike. In 1905 the I. W. W. definitely adopted the present programme, a combination of industrial Unionism and political Socialism. The conception of the general strike, however, differs from the syndicalist conception—the American idea is to stay at work, declare the factory the workers' property, and simply continue on a coöperative basis. The French *syndicats* would resort to *sabotage* or to a general strike. Recently the I. W. W., in accordance with the seeming rule that labor troubles cause continual disagreement and division, has been split into two camps, even two separate bodies, the "Detroit" I. W. W. and the "Chicago-Los Angeles" I. W. W., the second of which is the body seceding on the question of violence and the advocacy of admittedly unlawful measures. Mr. J. J. Ettor is said to have addressed the dissatisfied hotel servants of New York a short time ago telling them to do the work for which they were paid "with minds made up that it will be the unsafest proposition in the world for any capitalist to eat food" prepared by members of their union. He is said to have spoken these words as the representative of the Chicago-Los Angeles camp of the I. W. W."¹⁵ So, the Chicago-Los Angeles division, instead of merely walking out, would attack vigorously, either from within or without, the entire property and the capitalist owners as well.

Both camps of the I. W. W. conceive the present unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor to be slow, out-of-date, ineffective, and even sold to capitalists. They aim to accomplish their results in the Federation and have no fear at antagonizing that body. But the I. W. W. advocate centralization into "one big union" and the anarchist backers of the wage-earners flee with terror from any idea of centralization. So, the anarchists themselves have recently been instrumental in forming the new Syndicalist Educational League, an organization seemingly of pure propaganda. In their own words—they claim to represent "the modern revolutionary labor movement in its aim of expropriating the possessing class

¹⁵Cf. New York *Sun*, editorial page, Jan. 13, 1913. Also, *Independent*, Jan. 23, 1913.

and of establishing a free economic society based on voluntary coöperation and the principle: To each according to his needs, from each according to his ability." But their whole attitude is one of education.

Syndicalism did not take hold very strongly in England until 1912 when Tom Mann founded his magazine, *The Industrial Syndicalist*, and until the newly founded "Industrial Syndicalist Educational League" took up his work in *The Syndicalist*, another magazine. The idea in England was purely one of education, aside from politics and within present labor organizations. And, in like manner, the purpose of the Syndicalist League in America is to "educate the proletariat" to abolish "wage slavery" and to "substitute in its place a new economic system based on the free coöperation of the productive syndicates." It is a bitter enemy of the "indirect, political tactics and all other reactionary and corrupting tendencies . . . which are so harmful to the solidarity of the workers."

And so Syndicalism, born in France, and recently adapted to England and America, is the latest and the sanest of modern labor movements. It is the only one that has acted with definite cognizance of contemporary conditions, with well-defined plans for the future, and with a certain spirit of self-criticism and self-correction. It is because of this three-fold merit that the syndicalist idea has gained such credence among the workers and is becoming dangerous to the capitalist and manufacturer. Its chief weakness lies in the advocacy of violence, which once established as a principle renders industrial security insecure.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

Columbia University.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LITERARY STUDY

The fashion of the present day demands that in the consideration of a subject we should go back to the dim and semi-illuminated twilight of the world, discover in the chaotic interfusion of many elements the beginning of our theme, and pursue it in its manifold transformations down the progress of the ages. The historical method has cast its fascination around us, and we shall in vain attempt to evade the influence. Yet we may not unreasonably have some doubts as to the correctness of the procedure, and in view of the results attained refuse to give an absolute adherence to all its requirements. When the study of morality is reduced to the relation of atoms, or centres of force, or the gyrations of mollusks, one may well admit that the subject has reached its lowest terms, and admire the dexterity with which complex activities are brought out of such simple conditions. As one watches the process one is irresistibly led to the conclusion that the facile operator has an indefinite fund of invisible resources to draw upon, and substitutes for the meagre beginning a rich and superb combination, which he had little occasion to anticipate. The apparent ease of the change, the pleasure arising from the resumption of large measures of life in such slender vessels, and the power acquired with considerable ease of developing a system of similar transmutations for ourselves, hold us bound to the effort and the success.

In the opening of Sidney Lanier's remarkable book on the English Novel occur the following sentences: "The series of lectures which I last had the pleasure of delivering in this hall was devoted to the exposition of what is beyond doubt the most remarkable, the most persistent, the most widespread, and the most noble of all those methods of arranging words and ideas in definite relations, which have acquired currency among men—namely, the methods of verse and Formal Poetry. That exposition began by reducing all possible phenomena of verse to terms of vibration; and having thus secured a solid physical basis for this science, and a precise nomenclature in which we would talk intelligibly upon this century-befogged subject, we

advanced gradually from the most minute to the largest possible consideration upon the matter in hand." Surely the intoxication has spread far and works effectually when one of our chief idealists is satisfied to resolve the whole art of music into the differenced tremulousness of so-called matter.

Now we are not trying to escape from one of the inevitable tendencies of the age; probably that would be a useless and impossible undertaking: we are all of us obliged to be modern whether we will or not; to be ancient or something else than children of the twentieth century is an endeavor in which the flight is made on pinions of the newest manufacture.

"When me they fly, I am the wings."

The life of the century enfolds us and we are borne onward with its movements.

We may readily see that the present condition of anything is not all that it is: while we are gazing it passes away into another phase of its being quite as real as the one which has just been displaced; its history alone will reveal what is the series of its changes, and all are needed to its true apprehension. Clearly its physical basis, however, if it have one, is no more its essential part than any other isolated manifestation. The physical basis appears nowadays to have an uncontrollable desire to arrogate to itself the chief place, and that ambition, perhaps, requires to be held a little more strenuously in check. Nor will the thing be found to be merely the aggregate of its appearances; there is that in it which exceeds the arithmetician's powers, and the easy formulas of transitions in space and time. We shall be forced to find in it a unifying life which contains particularities in its embrace, which produces and annuls them, which is at once all of them and more. There is an eternity in it inclusive of its temporality, an infinity enveloping its finiteness: it has an idea which must be discovered before it can be properly understood, an encircling life which is its source and explanation, a wholeness which underprops the parts and connects them into reflection of itself.

It must be said that literatures have in the main been studied hitherto on their purely temporal side. Moreover they have

been studied in practical isolation from each other. To be sure certain points of contact have been found between them; we have been told, for instance, that Catullus followed his Greek models very closely, and we know that one of his poems is a translation; we read learned discussions of the extent to which Alfred Tennyson was influenced in the writing of his idylls by a study of Theocritus; and we are informed that the Italian Renaissance had perhaps more to do with the making of the Elizabethan drama than potencies nearer home; we find periods of subservience to foreign elements in various literatures, and the subsequent revolt, which assuredly we had every reason to expect; and so connections of varying extent and strength have been duly pointed out to us.

Again, the story of literature has been the story of individuals; a succession of heroic figures has moved before us, and unto them have been awarded different degrees of praise or blame. The eventualities of lives in the main devoid of startling or romantic interest have been reproduced with minute and patient fidelity, and in not a few instances have been properly held up as effective deterrents from conduct not entirely harmonious with certain widely accepted canons. These persons have usually been credited with the possession of an occult quality called genius, any attempt to define which has resulted in manifold passages of eloquent and picturesque writing, which unhappily left the subject involved in a softly colored mist of words so alluring as to forbid hard-hearted attempts at a search for a possible significance. These illustrious ones followed each other chronologically, had in some instances probably met and conversed, had written a certain number of books, and achieved a certain distinction. They were in a manner ticketed and classified; some of them were supreme in a kind of work which they had created and had left in such a condition as to render competition with them a hopeless task for all time to come; others were relegated to an inferior rank, although perhaps they had done a few things in a way strictly unsurpassable. There has been one effort, however, which has been elaborately pronounced sinful and abhorrent: interpretation of the books made by the great masters has been the unpardonable offence; literary

productions appealed exclusively to the feelings, and in the joy or tenderness or delirium evoked by them one must be content to remain; there might be desultory discussion of literary forms and methods, but the lovely product must be subjected to no analytical disintegration; the thought of man must be studiously eliminated from the discussion, and the rose left on its stem undespoiled of a single petal and undesecrated of a single evanescence of perfume.

Then the subject was neatly divided into epochs: often these served merely as stimulants to a faltering interest and aids to a relaxing memory; the principle of division was so elusively various that the total externality of the frame-work could not fail to make itself apparent even to the casual observer. The literature of the monarchy was severed by rigid bars of distinction from that of the republic; the great influence of government upon the art of the times was seriously and continuously indicated; the freshness of the earlier writer was laboriously and suggestively contrasted with the languor and jaded refinement of later schools. These schools also came in for a somewhat redundant share of comment and attention; it might be difficult always to say what was the exact relationship between writers so diverse as were often claimed as members of a school, but the fact of there being such an intimate association between them was not to be brought into question. Caution was rightly and at frequent intervals given against supposing that these epochs or schools were anything real in the history of the times; nor were they to be taken too literally or accurately; one epoch shaded by invisible degrees into the next and gave to the new a fringe or skirt of color from the old, forming a series of interesting and fluctuating iridescences down the entire course of the narrative; often one school sprang panoplied and full armed from the head of another, ready for homage and conquest. The fabric usually bore upon it the unmistakable marks of its contriver. A distinguished mathematician once said that the time was probably coming when everyone would have his own algebra or calculus; it was evident that the time was already here when everyone had his own account of literatures.

Moreover, as said before, a physical origin must be found, or

we should be left without a solid foundation and a consistent body of scientific terms. Climate, geographical configuration, alternation of hill and valley, proximity to the sea, and endless hosts of particulars were not far to seek. The somewhat generally accepted principle that like causes produce like effects appears to have been held in secure abeyance in these speculations as climatological conditions which during one period produce outbursts of creative genius, where mankind yet drink as at exhaustless fountains of spiritual refreshment; during others, fail to bring the smallest response from a people living in a stolid abasement which makes them an easy prey to every incursion of their more active neighbors.

Also elaborate accounts of prevalent modes of thought, shifting currents of opinion, predominant phases of feeling, impassioned incentives to wide activities, found a large place and attention. The physical basis here appears in a condition of considerable attenuation; it has receded so far from the view as to be a mere line of horizon encircling more potent actions within; in fact it often is entirely forgotten except as recurrence is made to it now and then in deference to its supposed although not wholly understood importance.

Now unquestionably all these elements have their place and importance, and their unification must be found if an adequate idea of literature is to be discovered: all life descends from the idea; it is in the idea that all particularities have their subsistence; it is in it that they live and move and have their being. A literature is not a thing extraneous to the life of a nation; it is but one of the many ways in which that life finds adequate expression; it grows with the unfolding of the national thought, and declines with the decadence of the national will; as nation after nation in the torch-dance of history bears the flambeau that for the time sheds illumination upon the steep and rocky path whereby humanity makes its ascent to the fruitions beyond, so literature after literature arises from the indwelling thought of the time and makes a permanent representation for posterity. With the process of the ages literatures spring from the soil belonging to them, increase into marvellous expanse of foliage, bear their appropriate blossoms and fruit, and in passing away

enrich the space from which subsequent growths are to emerge. They belong to the living thought which produces them, and that thought includes as means to the fulfilment of its needs the physical conditions which it selects as appropriate to it, the multifarious opinions of men, their mutable wishes and longings, their deeds slender or wide-reaching.

The comparative study of literatures has made impossible the merely subjective consideration of them; they are seen to be a growth and in fact but one growth. But we are again confronted with the notion that the complex and rich results of later periods are to be reduced to the thin abstractions of the earlier; explanation in general seems to find a curious satisfaction in divesting the object of all that constitutes its essence, and then to hold up the frail and meaningless shade as the source from which all the splendid manifestations have come. The explanation of a history or a literature is not to be found in its bare and meagre beginnings but in its progress, which has led it by ways straight or devious to its truest consummations, which were before it began to be and which will survive its passage back into the potentiality from which it arose. Providence is before us as well as behind us, and what is to be is the fruitful strength which made the past what it was.

The tentative stages of literary effort point forward to the fuller ones in which their results are resumed and given a meaning which in themselves they do not possess. The savage standing in the midst of an assemblage of his fellows and pouring forth his rude and spontaneous chant is but a poor foreshadowing of the great rhapsodes who were to come after him. Much significance is hardly to be found in these wild efforts, and their importance to a satisfactory treatment of the history of literature is not to be overestimated. In themselves they are of meagre and subordinate worth; in the light of subsequent achievements they obtain a value which is in the main a reflection from these. The historical genesis of literatures gains as much illustration from the end which is before it as from the vague mixture of endeavors which are behind it. The ideal is the source of activity as well as the real, and the unachieved originates the transformation leading to the higher and nobler.

In fact we find vast periods of history which are, as it were, preparations for the genuine labors of mankind. The literature of the tribe or clan has importance inasmuch as it indicates the path pursued by the race in attaining that self-knowledge which alone makes high successes possible. As literature it of course possesses very little value, whether viewed from the side of content or form. Theoretical considerations must, however, constantly guard themselves by a recurrence to the real movements of things, or they lose themselves in vagaries unsusceptible of verification. The union of fact and thought must be brought about if the truth is to be reached; the speculative and evolutionary theories are the two sides of the whole which are to be seen in their living interchange and connection.

With the organized city, however, real civilization begins, and literature inevitably tends to assume the proportions which belong to it. Relations entered into with adjacent cities would constantly tend to the overleaping of boundaries, and a widening of interest and a clarification of expression would ensue. The local peculiarities would be a vanishing element in a finer product responsive to larger and deeper needs. With national literatures the process must be similar. They must constantly widen their scope, and open receptive minds to larger conceptions, and enter the domain from which no man is excluded and where all are equally great and owners of all. The true literature, therefore, to which all progress looks, and in which all effort culminates, is a literature wide as the race, and holding within its grasp whatever has been done of excellent and wise.

This endeavor is one of the great appanages of the race. The endeavor belongs to man as man, and he would be less than himself if he did not thus manifest himself. However much the form which this large and mighty work takes may be conditioned by the environment in which it occurs, the impulse itself is above all environment, and makes of the latter simply an instrument of expression. The scenery of Greece is reflected in the poetry of Greece, the rocks and snows of the Northland appear in their songs; the less-unfolded peoples produce the poems of smaller reach and lighter meaning; but the literary effort itself is not relative to any exterior condition, and displays

often the fullness of its power in the simplest chants and ballads. The form of literature may be dependent upon the conditions in which it saw the light, but its content is the same all the world over in the degree in which that content has been seized and understood.

The literature of all the ages is therefore one literature ; from the universal mind of man it springs in response to its imperative need of expression, and the world of things is but the succession of symbols, as it were, which it converts into vessels of its emotions and intentions. However large the labor required for the accumulation of the material necessary for the study of literature in this sense, the beginning has already been more than made. A band of critics has already appeared whose interest in the great works of the great men is no longer confined to questions of style, or skilful construction of story, or happy combination of heterogeneous matter, or brilliant coruscations of audacious wit. A body of students must come to the front who will penetrate to the creative idea, moulding and upbuilding the poem or novel, and find that idea only part and parcel of a greater one moulding and upbuilding the world itself.

Successive literatures are each embodiments of the thought underlying all literatures. The nation is the genuine unit of history, and the deepest national idea is the genuine unit of literary history. The great tasks of the really world historical peoples are reflected completely in their literatures. These latter belong to the steps by which the world has ascended to an adequate consciousness of itself. They emerge from the profoundest thought of their time and in reproducing that thought unto itself both classify it and make it more comprehensive. The various phases of life in largest measure dramatize themselves on the stage of time, and humanity learns what is its innermost substance by looking backward at what it has done. It is not, however, confined to a study of what it has done ; it also leaves a precious reflection of itself in its works of the imagination. History and literature are two aspects of the one truth, the outer of deed and movement and success, the inner one of aspiration, of motive, of recognition of the ideal.

But again, no one literature is all-inclusive; it is but a single leaf from the giant redwood in which all the generations have room to dwell, but one pulse of the mighty heart which gives life to all that is. A study of it shows forth its limitations, which find their reason and elucidation elsewhere. They must all be considered together if any one is to be understood. Their union, however, is an organic one; a union depending upon an active principle which assigns to each its place and function in a system which, like the human body, is subservient to a high intent in its every detail. In the Platonic sense it has the ideal dwelling within it, and conforming it to a model which is in the heavens. As through the ages there runs an increasing purpose, so through all literatures there runs an illuminating intelligence growing brighter with the process of the suns.

In literature intelligence addresses intelligence. It has, therefore, constructed for itself a material which is itself a product of the spirit to which it appeals. Architecture may try to tell its story with such adequacy as belongs to it in granite or marble. Painting may reproduce an action in light and color; even music uses a tone to which clings the last vestige of a disappearing externality; but in literature spirit has made for itself an instrument which is spiritual. In language thought finds the medium which is thoroughly plastic to its demands, which affords a means of expression to its most attenuated abstractions, which has movement, vigor, life, variety, color, and in whose very structure and interrelatedness of parts are seen again the articulations which bind ideas together, and make of them one harmonious world.

Through the ages there reigns a division of labor; the functions of nations vary as the organs of the human body have their separate place and action. Swedenborg figures the life of society as a grand man: some people occupy the place of the brain, some of the hands and feet. The allegory has its import and relevance. The development of great literatures has not been given to all, and it is important to find the true line of descent and succession. The lesser achievements are contained in the greater, and a study of the latter is really inclusive of the former. One must needs follow the stream directly on its

course, and not be led astray into windings which really lead nowhere. The great movement of the peoples contains the secret of which we are in search, and whose discovery opens the realms whither aspiration climbs.

Moreover, that which is important in the past is the permanent, that which remains to-day and has a life which may be called a real one. Some literatures are of interest principally to the anthropologist or the student of antiquities. They hold an important but a subordinate position. There are literatures which are perennially alive. They are as close to modern interest as to that of the way which saw them bloom and prosper. The necessity here is of finding the due relation, of giving to each the measure which belongs to it, of not neglecting the lesser nor aggrandizing the higher. The preparatory stages demand to be fully mastered, but the truest results are to be obtained from the finished and the perfect. The literature of Greece means more to us than the vast array of productions which the Orient has of late years yielded up to a persistent search and attention.

The life of the race has revealed itself in varying literatures with varying completeness. There are, however, epochs in which seem to assemble all the elements which belong to all being, and present themselves with the chiefest intensity that belongs to them. These are turning points of history, in which are gathered all rays from the achievements that have been, to be poured in full radiance on the to-morrow just at the point to arise. To these periods belong the works which are continent of the whole thought then moving in the sphere of things, and the additional potency which is to unmake the present and substitute for it a fuller revelation of the old yet ever new truth.

These men are the true bearers of genius; they are held of a genetic power which is a solvent of the world that is and a framer of a succeeding nobler condition. They are like the heroes described by Hegel in his *Philosophy of History*, who derive their purposes and vocation not from the existing order, but from a concealed fountain, from that inner spirit, still beneath the surface, which tears the outer shell in pieces, and

on its ruins erects a new world. Genius is therefore a complete absorption in the purpose of the time, and a true instrument of destiny. The works which they leave behind them are the epitome and chronicles of the ages, the embodiment of the truest that has been thought and the best that has been hoped by the maturest of mankind. These works are the models from which artistic procedure must take its departure, and are the mean which nature makes in order by that mean to rise above herself.

The development of literary forms follows the method which has been indicated before. The whole of history has been likened to the progress of a day, from the burst of sunrise through the splendor of noonday to the gray tints of evening. There must be added the morning twilight before the separate hues have differenced themselves from each other into greater or less distinctness. These earliest productions can hardly be said to be either prose or verse. They have no predominant rhythmic quality of any high kind, and their imagery is both vapid and confused. The monotonous chants of savages are not yet music. They really contain implicit in them all forms of literary art. They are at the same time songs and narratives and dialogue, but these are so mingled that neither has the preëminence.

But there ensued the widening of experience and the spectacle of good and far-reaching achievements. The growth of civilization and its marvels enchain the attention and evoke enthusiasm. The deeds of the heroes who penetrate the depths of distant lands or launch the keel upon the treacherous and unknown waters inflame the hearts of singer and seer. The conquest of vast areas hitherto uninhabitable, and the bringing of various peoples into communication, awaken the energy which impels to victory over the visible world. The rise of institutions and the beginning of arts; the introduction of letters, the growing consciousness of a nobler life, superinduced upon the merely material one and dominating it, bind the deepest convictions of the advancing generations to beliefs and consummations which are the recognized conditions of their movement forward and upward. The narration of these wonders becomes

an irresistible impulse, and the rhapsodes intone the deeds of the heroes.

But heroes fall into collision; they are representative of different principles, each claiming the supremacy for itself and the subservience of its antagonists. Indeed, the bulwarks which man has erected for the support of the truer thought and the opportunity of the nobler activity which has become the centre and nerve of his existence, show themselves to be unstable. The institutions of the time fall into conflict, and each asserts its right to an unconditional recognition of its claims. These conflicts often appear insoluble; they terminate in death and dismay. The wisest are held by their fascination, and he is the seer who can behold over them and encircling them the realm which admits the preservation of both contestants in just subordination and union. The dialogue steps forth upon the scene and thrusts the narrative into the background.

Hence arises the voice of individual feeling. Often it may utter only vague caprice, or momentary desire; it may be only the expression of shallow delight or trivial sorrow, but it may be the deepest conviction of the era, the thought, the hope, which are latent in all men and make themselves heard through one. What was implied in the seed of the early choral chant has become apparent in the perfected fruit. Monotony has given place to rhythmic variety, the obscure and turgid to the clear and delicately outlined. Not merely the general emotion underlying the combination of men into institutional groups glows into manifestation, but that general emotion filling the individualized spirit, who in giving it outer clothing and investiture avows to it his devotion and allegiance.

The transition is made to reflection and analysis. The singer begins to look back on his own methods and those of his forerunners. The thoughts which have been filling him with their power and multitude, and which have woven for themselves a garment that seemed but themselves externalized, rise before him and solicit attention in their own capacity, and apart from the forms which they have assumed in the ardor of telling them. Those forms also appear in abstraction from their content, those forms which it seems almost as cruel to subject to any dis-

memberment as to tear a flower to pieces or disfigure a beautiful human body. But the step backward cannot be taken; the demands of the purely intellectual life are paramount, and with the analytic tendencies of thought, the writing of prose begins, and art becomes conscious of itself.

Throughout the process there has been another and deeper movement going on—the progressive deepening of consciousness itself—the gradual rise and development of the knowledge of personality. The recognition of personality is more than personality itself; spirit, from its nature, is personal; it is made up of actions, instincts, emotions, reasons, imaginations which are but varying forms of one life; but the realization of personality, the appreciation of what is its due, the recognition of its infinite worth, has been the toil and struggle of history, and the message of literature. Insofar as a literature has fulfilled this function has it been great, and it is through this common effort to reveal what is found in the struggle to attain genuine freedom that it is united with other literatures and transcends the merely natural limits within which it is set. All literatures are joined in the effort to attain a comprehension of free spirit, and it is from this point of view that they are susceptible of classification and connection.

The immense literatures of the Orient are in the shadow. In them the consideration of man as man has only begun. He is made the mere natural outgrowth of a central power, as it were, or rigidly held down in limits into which he has not produced himself. His whole life is exterior to himself. All great and good deeds have been done before he comes on the plane of action, as in China, or nobility belongs inalienably to a class, from which he is debarred by his birth, as in India. The transitions from these extremities are made through Persia and Egypt. Among the Hebrews arises the light which has been given to all mankind to illumine the path into the heavens. But in the Orient man is everywhere subject to an outer dominance, the object darkens over him with its vast preëminence, an alien sovereignty subdues and encircles him. These are the literatures of the preponderance of the object—the literatures of despotism.

The literature of Greece is full of radiance. The rule of the one has passed away, and the rule of the many has come. The outer world frowns no longer, but lends itself adequately to the labors of the race. The intrepid pioneers of civilization have tamed the earth, and she is yoked already to the chariot of the conqueror. Man finds himself at home amid the olive groves and hills and seas of his new dwelling-place. The morning song of self-recognition rises unto the sun, the Apollo who had known what it was to toil side by side with the shepherds, and who did not forget the charm of human companionship. The world of the soul confronts the realm of nature and both were conjoined in a harmony that was itself the beginning of all music. This was the literature of the equilibrium of the object and subject—the literature of the many.

In Rome thought began to look within itself. Life was no longer a holiday, but became a succession of difficult deeds, which were under the eye and rule of a relentless will. Another realm began to disclose itself within that joyance which had been the constant possession of the dwellers of the Ionian archipelago. That finished product of instinct and insight in happy and miraculous fusion was too frail to enclose the new spirit, and the exquisite vase was shattered. Christianity came, the humblest and most patient of conquerors. In Alexandria the East and the West came into a union whose offspring were to change the face of the known world. The whole sphere of the inner life, the soul with its lofty aspirations, its high demands, its heavens and its hells, as the completion of the deeds done in the body, its recognition of its infinitude and its goal—the living of the infinite life—arose on the general vision, and new languages, new arts, new poetry, began. We have arrived at the great middle age, the literature of the preponderance of the subject—the literature of the transition from the rule of many to the rule of all.

The spiritual life with its inalienable demands relegates the natural life not merely to a place of subordination, but to a place of utter obliteration. Moreover, by a curious inversion of its true character, it seats itself upon a throne of temporal power, and suffers a degradation to pure naturalism. Out of the con-

flict which ensues arise the modern nations and the readjustment of the claims of Church and State. The despised realm of the outer reasserts its validity with strenuous success, and springs into marked prominence. The sciences of nature are the outcome. The old Greek achievement is studied anew, the western seas give up their secrets, the life of the whole orb becomes one life, and modern civilization is at the helm. There appears the literature of the organic union of the subject and object, the literature of the rule of the all—of the true republic, last and best birth of Time.

De Quincey makes a distinction between the literature of power and literature of knowledge. But all writings worthy of the name are both possessed of power and full of knowledge. If they had not the former they would be useless, and if they had not the latter they would be valueless. One would prefer to make a distinction between expression and instruction. The purpose of a poem is not to give information, although it may be filled with it to repletion, nor is it directly intended to serve high moral ends. When writings become instructive of forethought and intention, they enter a field which is not the purely literary one. Literature uses the noblest instrumentality yet fashioned by man for the purpose of expressing the idea. Expression it seeks for its own sake, with adequate expression it rests, and in the contemplation of the beauty created it finds its high pleasure. Writings whose aim is instruction belong to religion or philosophy.

Literature, however, does not seek expression merely as such. That would be to lose itself in the intricacies of verbal finish and the niceties of purely external polish that adorn those productions which are the wonder of the day, and then await the research of the antiquary, to refurbish their tarnished splendors. Art for Art's sake is not to be understood to refer exclusively to that goldsmith's minute chiseling whose deepest touch goes but very little below the surface. Literature is not merely the art of saying things well, but far more the art of saying great things greatly, even though there may be whole periods whose contribution to the permanent equipment of the race is but a superbly carved cameo or a delicately tinted

miniature. Literature demands a noble content so nobly told that in its contemplation we rest satisfied. That content has in all ages been the same, and the absoluteness of literature consists in its giving garb and beauty to the indwelling thought of the world. The unfolding of freedom in its varying stages has been the life which has permeated the poetry and the artistic prose of all time. The deepening of personality, the recognition of its universality, the establishment of its supremacy, the belief in its everlasting unity with the Divine, has been the motive which has given birth to all great works, and has been the purport of their message. That all men possess freedom, that the ways must be found by which this freedom can be assured to all men, is a hope which has been the very centre of what is usually called genius. From the depths of the Divine Spirit have the great literatures come, and they have shone with such light as was given them.

As there is but one mind in all history, so there is but one literature. Special literatures, so called, find their reason and explanation in that one literature, which has revealed to man the innermost of his life, the height of his destination, the Providence which has presided over every step of his advance. His face has been ever toward the rising sun; from the orient to that occident which is at the same time the orient the course of truth and empire has gone. The one universal mind which holds in its unity all the eras of the world and of an infinite array of worlds, has found expression in many ways; not least of these is the one made in language, and all literatures are truly the self-revelation of the Infinite Spirit, who has never left any man or age without an avenue of approach to Himself.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

Chicago, Illinois.

NATURAL LAW AND THE STATE

John William Draper, in his *Intellectual Development of Europe*, has written, "Social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is bodily growth. . . . The life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation." De Quincey has said, "a code of law is not a spasmodic effort of gigantic talent in any one man or any one generation; it is a slow growth of accidents and occasions expanding with civilization and dependent upon time as a multiform element in its development." Motley has declared, "History can have neither value nor charm for those who are not impressed with a conviction of its continuity."

These are texts which clearly direct the mind to the great drama of moral and intellectual emancipation having the world as its stage and the nations of the world as its actors, and the judgment of the thoughtful observer must be that the cataclysm of unrest now so markedly sweeping over the globe is something more than mere accident. It is Nature, the greatest of stage managers, planning and rehearsing the mighty play of Life, with Natural Selection standing on one side of her and Survival of the Fittest on the other,—able and invincible assistants and coadjutors in the work. A look at the past, before one turns to study the present, will deepen this impression, for it will appear that since man first developed the social instinct, the aim of nature has been to evolve the moral and intellectual senses through association rather than through the isolation of the individual. It will be seen that the process has always taken the direction of a struggle for freedom,—vague at first but gradually becoming more and more subjectively and objectively intelligent. Careful consideration of the revolutions of the world's yesterdays will indicate that where the aim was the product of unrest simply, whether from an imperfect conception of the meaning of liberty or from a desire to attack existing power only to possess rather than to create, they have failed; but, on the other hand, where there has been coöperation, based upon a sense of social interdependence, they have been crowned with success.

The true development of the individual is brought about by a constant process of self-repression, of the resistance to self-indulgence where this conflicts with the rights or comforts of his fellows. It will, then, be noted that as state organization has advanced, the struggles against power which have been victorious have shown upon the winning side a curious illumination of one-man influence as a palpable explanation of victory. However, where such individual greatness has been present it has increased in real importance only as it became more and more clearly a merged likeness, or representation,—even a spokesman,—of a thoroughly nationalized body, governed and enthused by the spirit of mutuality; and, to turn the penny, it is clear that the main cause of past failures has lain in the domination of one man fatally handicapped by undeveloped assimilating powers on the part of the people. Washington, for instance, was a great man, but is he not so mainly because he voiced, on the part of the whole people, a mature and dignified taste for freedom, and not a vague or ill-defined craving for independence? Is not this, too, in principle, substantially true of Lincoln and William the Silent? On the other hand, Pericles, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, all are but memories of a perished glory, because the people were subordinated to the individual.

The revolution following on the death of Cæsar resolved itself into a tyrannical oligarchy, which in turn became an empire chameleon-like in its quickly changing shades of splendor and decadence as it passed onward to its end. France, also, had her revolution, ill-timed, ill-conceived, and ill-fated, the scars of which she is bearing to this day; for it was begotten in violence, vengeance, and greed of power, and as they who created it sowed, so did they reap. The obvious reverse of this appeared, when the Barons of England met at Runnymede in the thirteenth century to protest against the encroachment of the king, John "Lackland," for this action was a noble and concerted movement against autocracy, and will always stand forth epochal, marking the beginning of England's true greatness, even as the sturdy resistance of the Dutch against Spain resulted in 1609, after forty-three years of bitter warfare, in wealth and power and independence for their brave little land which set the high-

water mark of its glory. Each of these events, the one permanent the other temporary only, is perfectly typical of those righteous encroachments of the proper holders of the land upon the assumed control of the great feudatories which finally, during the reign of the Second Charles, brought on a rapid decline of the whole outgrown system. Mutuality of effort, unconscious, perhaps, but none the less real, swept aside forever peculiarly degrading social conditions and the constant menace of war, and ushered in the more promising atmosphere of what may be termed pure politics.

This reference to the period of the "most unfortunate though most deserving of the Stuarts" suggests that what Coleridge has called "that grand crisis of morals, religion and government, Charles I and his times," is another notable instance, in the evolution of England, of the thesis now under consideration, lying open to the ready tracing of all students from the uprising of the Parliament and people through the iron-handed, but distinctly formative, period of Cromwell, and so down through the reign of James II and the revolution of 1688, culminating in the Bill of Rights. Finally, out of the American Revolution came a nation which has gradually grown along the lines of unity and strength, forming a striking contrast to Holland, that one singular instance of retrogression out of the great nationalistic movement of the past. The Netherlands is comparatively insignificant to-day, which is inexplicable, unless the solution of the problem lies in the thought that succeeding generations have gradually lost the strain of patriotic ambition, so eminently present in their forebears, and have sought, in place of it, the creature comforts which go with a mistaken though honest conservatism.

The struggle for national existence is now proceeding upon a plane where conservatism has no place. Natural selection, through assimilative knowledge, which found its expression in invention and the adoption of invention, has placed all quarters of the world within easy contact. It has set the nations in one general atmosphere charged with energy; the atmosphere of the Rousseau democracy, which proclaims that sovereignty resides in the whole mass of the people, and that no government is morally legitimate which does not rest upon a decision in which

the whole nation takes part. Whilst each seemingly separate movement takes on its own form and color according to local conditions, all will be found to be, in fact, but the many parts of one and the same great movement.

Yesterday's uprising of the people in China and the maturity of their design, shown in sane as well as zealous efforts to effect representative government, have occupied the attention of the civilized globe for many months.

In 1909 Great Britain handed autonomy over to the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, Natal, and Cape Colony; and the allaying of restlessness in India is engaging her serious attention to-day, as has been evidenced by the striking concessions of the King at the recent Delhi Durbar. It looks as if England has at last determined that there is only one valid excuse for her domination in the East, and that this lies in an honest, faithful trusteeship.

Persia has apparently lost her Nationalist fight, but none can take away the record of a battle intelligently made, and, mayhap, the same energy will kindle the ashes of present defeat into a flame of future victory.

About 1904 started in Russia the first potent popular revolt against the supreme autocracy of the Czar, and from that day onward can be seen the growing influence of the people's Douma.

In Germany the Socialistic Democratic control of the Reichstag marks an immense step in emancipation from the traditions of Imperialism; the growth of Liberal ideas is, indeed, so rapid and decided that it can be but a matter of time till ministerial responsibility will be achieved.

In 1910 universal suffrage was granted in Norway even while the converse was appearing in nearby Finland, when a striving for independence which had covered a period of ten years was, for the time being at least, put an end to.

The anti-clerical movement, which so victoriously demonstrated itself in France in 1904, and which to-day is gaining ground in both Spain and Italy, is a revolt against papal supremacy and an advocacy of the separation between Church and State. In which same connection it may here be recalled

that what is termed "Modernism" has been said to be merely "the passionate efforts of those who wish to live in the modern world, and, at the same time, both to preserve their own Catholicism and to hand it on to the future as a living religion."

In Japan, with the sanction of the authorities, a Socialist party has been organized, having as its aims the spreading of the doctrines of Socialism within the limits allowed by law, and the advancement of the interests of labor. After revolts against monarchical abuses, Cuba and Portugal have become republics, and if Mexico's present efforts to maintain self-government have a melancholy interest because they seem bound to fail, one may lay the blame to inherent and congenital weaknesses.

Nowhere, however, have absolute mutuality and coöperation, as to rules of national conduct, been so manifest as in the United States and England. In the former one hears everywhere the insistent voice of the people for a balance of power. Unlawful trusts and monopolies are being met with the antagonism of an unbroken front, and the sentiment of the referendum, the recall of legislators and public officials, the demand for higher judicial ideals, and for a tariff which will prevent unjust discrimination while protecting the consumer and producing healthful competition, are far-reaching in effect. Across the Atlantic, Labor Unionism is developed to a remarkable degree, the House of Lords has become emasculated and the House of Commons exalted. Heretofore untaxed lands, owned by the great aristocrats, are now compelled to pay revenue to the State, and there are Old Age Pensions, Labor Insurance, and, last but not least, the Nationalist movement for Ireland, more likely to be realized than ever before.

Both past and present, then, show a constant struggle for existence with the sifting processes of extinction and survival as inexorable and immutable agencies, and as the centuries have come and gone, this sifting has each time left something better than the last. Some nations have passed entirely, some have stood still, but others have gone ahead. There is too much precision and regularity about it all to deny the potentiality of law. So it may come that a philosophic mind involuntarily will seek the Darwinian theory for light.

That great observer, it will be recalled, resolves the whole plan of animal creation into an orderly and systematic evolution of the existing creatures from at most four or five progenitors, and traces the plant kingdom from an equal or lesser number. He does not absolutely assert it but he suggests that elimination could be carried still further so as to confine animal and plant origin to one progenitor for each. His idea is that the first step consisted in variations from an original type and that these variations, as they struggled for existence, came under the domination of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, and so gradually developed into distinct species, in which growth geographical distribution and climatic conditions had played an important part. As a species became dominant in its environment the extinction of that which it replaced was inevitable.

All animal nature is governed by laws, which, taken in the largest sense, are growth with reproduction; inheritance by reproduction; variability from the indirect and the direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to create a struggle for life, leading to Natural Selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms. Some forms of varieties are allowed to exist in a low state of development because if there is no advantage to be gained Natural Selection passes them over and they are left unimproved or little improved,—merely permitted to exist because, probably, of some yet undiscovered use and helpfulness to species then or to become predominant. It is to be carefully observed that, throughout the working of Natural Selection, the individual is a type and its integral importance is subordinated to that of the species or variety to which it belongs. This is due, in large part at least, to a dominant social instinct implanted in the animal as well as in the man.

When Darwin comes to the discussion of man as part of the uninterrupted chain of animal creation he says that multiplication is at so rapid a rate as to give rise to many races, some of which differ so from all others as often to have been ranked by naturalists as distinct species, but "when the races of man diverged at an extremely remote epoch from their common progenitor, they will have been few in number; consequently

they will then, as far as their distinguishing characters are concerned, have had less claim to rank as distinct species than the existing so-called races, which, themselves, resemble each other in a multitude of points."

Darwin's argument is from the viewpoint of a naturalist,—a magnificent, orderly presentation of continuity and sequence in physical development. It remained for Benjamin Kidd to point out that the great natural laws of the Darwinian theory evolved, out of the social instinct in man, communities and states, over which their dominion will never cease. The main points of this doctrine are, that the sacrifice of the individual, not merely in the interest of his fellows around him, but in the interests of generations yet unborn, is inevitable; that the accomplishments of modern civilization are primarily the measure of modern man's social stability and efficiency and not of the intellectual preëminence of those who have produced them; that these accomplishments are the result of accumulations of knowledge obtained and added to by many minds through countless generations, and that the natural process at work in society is evolving religious character as the first and most important product. Upon these points, Kidd claims, depends the survival or extinction of society or states.

Now, from what history relates, as from what is actually seen, it must appear that the races and nations of the earth have been and are moving towards a plane of homogeneity; that this movement is intellectual and moral rather than physical; that its conspicuous phase is the growing unimportance of the individual as a leader, and the proportionate growth of mutuality in purpose and undertaking. What one calls the great names in history are, after all, but steps in the evolutionary process. Each has influenced his own time or epoch and helped prepare the way for the next. It is not, however, to be gathered from this that the value of individuality is to be minimized; what is meant is that it must find its highest expression in ambitions which comprehend the general good. The growth of the Democratic idea involves that social adjustment which will bring the component parts of a state intelligently and willingly into the positions they were meant to occupy, and the supremacy of the

individual will diminish just in proportion as the power and ability of the masses to apply increases. The inventor, for instance, pales before the many who not only can use his machine but gather from it mechanical ideas and improvements. A visit to any large factory will impress one with the high grade of intelligence among the workmen and the facility with which they suggest. It is the intelligence which comes from interdependence, and not from any teacher.

This is the keynote to the New Democracy. In its atmosphere and subject to its decrees the nations are struggling for life. At present England, the United States, and Germany seem most likely to survive—but who can tell?

As that physical body lasts longest which obeys the natural laws ruling it, so will it be with nations. The New Democracy is the direct outcome of natural processes working in society, and the nation will last longest which most perfectly, in the cycles of time to come, reflects its spirit. It is the crowning result of an ethical movement in which qualities and attributes which we have been all taught to regard as the very highest of which human nature is capable, find the completest expression they have ever reached in the history of the race.

H. MERIAN ALLEN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Since the writing of this article, Home Rule for Ireland has become an accomplished fact; and a war, unprecedented in scope, violence, and destruction, has commenced and is now raging in Europe. With a view to correcting any of his conclusions which might have proved inconsistent in the light of later events, the writer has carefully examined what has been written, but he feels that the present foreign situation provides a confirmation of all the main contentions above set forth. The surprise expressed editorially and otherwise that, in an age presumed to reflect a high degree of civilization, there should be such a struggle is hardly justified. As De Quincey says, war must be looked for until all nations stand upon equally high bases of moral and intellectual realization. Nothing could have averted this one. It was not caused by the potency of crowned heads, politics, and war machines; they have become simply the means by which natural law is working out the problem of survival. The racial and social complexities of beyond the seas have for some time indicated a coming crisis. Nature timed the breaking point and the method for carrying into effect her immutable decrees. Is it inappropriate to hazard the conclusion that the result of this war will give a tremendous impetus to the cause of Democracy throughout the world?

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR BY A
CONFEDERATE STAFF OFFICER*

(FIFTH PAPER)

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, AND THE
RACE FOR RICHMOND

The sun was just rising and I was riding rapidly down the plank road towards the firing in front when I overtook General Lee. He said, "Captain Ranson, I expect you to look after the ordnance trains to-day." I replied that I was going now to look after the trains of Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions of the Third Corps, as they seemed to be heavily engaged in front.

Riding on I found signs of a retreat, as I passed some men who appeared to be stragglers, the firing in front increasing every moment, mingled with loud cheering. Presently I came to an open field on the left of the road, in which was camped a large ordnance train. Going forward I ordered the men to put in their horses and move to the rear as rapidly as possible. They were already beginning to hitch up, and I hurried them all I could. Whilst thus engaged I saw the retreating men of the two divisions in front emerging from the woods and falling back slowly and sullenly across the field. The enemy seemed to be close on their heels, and came on cheering and firing. I noticed, too, that the horses of the ordnance train began to drop in their tracks, and I knew then that the ordnance train was lost. The horses were still falling rapidly when the enemy appeared in the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the field, about three hundred yards from where I was posted. They poured one deadly volley into the poor horses and wagons, and the wagons began to blow up, so that the destruction seemed to be complete. As I could do nothing I turned away and rode rapidly back to meet General Lee. When I met him I informed him of what

*Copyright, 1914, by the author.

The first of this series of articles by Major Ranson was published in the October, 1913, issue of the REVIEW. The sixth and concluding paper will appear in the January issue.—EDITOR.

had happened to the train, and of the rout of the two divisions of Heth and Wilcox. He told me to ride back and hurry up Longstreet, who was approaching from the rear.

I met General Longstreet about five miles in the rear, riding at the head of his troops, marching in columns of fours down the plank road. When I delivered General Lee's message he halted and ordered his men to deploy right and left in the woods. When this manœuvre was completed the line of battle moved on slowly through the woods in the direction of the firing. When the line met the retreating troops in front Longstreet's men were ordered to lie down and the retreating line passed over them. The enemy was still advancing, cheering and firing as they came on. I heard the officers near me order the men to reserve their fire until the enemy was within twenty yards of them. There was a dead silence on our side for a few minutes, all the noise being made by the enemy, who, flushed with victory and seeing no enemy, were in the jolliest mood.

When only a few yards away there was a deafening roar of musketry from Longstreet's troops, which seemed to shake the earth itself. The enemy was said to be in three lines of battle. Certainly there was a crowd of them coming on and in some confusion too, being perfectly confident. Longstreet's men having delivered that deadly volley at close range, rose at once from the ground and charged with a yell. I rode behind our line for two or three miles, I suppose, the enemy retreating in the utmost confusion and suffering fearfully from the deadly fire which our men continued to pour into them. Presently we came to the field in which the ordnance train had been partially destroyed in the early morning; and near this point, but beyond it, Longstreet's men halted and went into line of battle, and began to fortify by piling pieces of wood and throwing up dirt, leaves, anything to obstruct a bullet.

On my return to the Army of Northern Virginia in 1863 I found that the men had learned much of the art of war,—of defence especially. Men in line of battle with an enemy in front, when halted, immediately began to fortify. Often I have seen officers of the line, on a march, carrying spades or shovels, and wondered why at first, but soon found out. No matter how brief

the halt the men began to fortify, and the shovels were needed. I once came upon a cousin with a shovel on his shoulder, marching with his company, being a captain in the Stonewall Brigade. I asked him what he was going to do with the shovel. He replied, "It is said the pen is mightier than the sword. We have found the shovel the mightiest."

If the men were attacked they could not be driven except by an overwhelming force with the bayonet or by a flanking movement, and as both these expedients were costly and dangerous, they were seldom resorted to. If the men entrenched were ordered to go forward, their trenches were left behind, but then they knew that if they were driven back, their trenches were ready for them, and this knowledge gave confidence.

I was abroad during the Boer War, and being a member of an English Club frequented by numbers of officers on leave or retired, once asked why the English did not adopt Boer methods of defence and attack. The answer was, "Oh, the English fight in the open and believe in the bayonet." I replied that methods had changed; that formerly a charging line had opposed to them muzzle-loading muskets of three hundred yards' range, and would have to stand only one volley, as there was no time to reload, but now with magazine guns of nearly two miles' range and machine guns, the attacking force could, with reasonably accurate marksmen, be destroyed before it could get near enough to use the bayonet. The reply was invariably, "Oh we must go at them with the bayonet." Englishmen do not change: they were the same when Braddock fell an easy prey to the Indians at Pittsburg; they were the same from Lexington to Yorktown; and when Pakenham charged Jackson's riflemen at New Orleans. There are no braver people than the English; but why they should spend \$1,250,000,000 and leave 25,000 of the flower of their land in African graves in the Boer War must ever remain a mystery to men who know anything of modern warfare.

In the field mentioned I found a Federal officer lying under a cedar bush, apparently for shade. On the bush was a large piece of paper on which was written, "This is the body of General Wadsworth of New York. It is requested that every at-

tention be given this distinguished officer." I was out of a job for the moment, and, riding back, sent an ambulance for the body. On my return I encountered another ambulance, containing General Longstreet and Colonel Latrobe of his staff. Longstreet was severely wounded and bled profusely. Latrobe had only flesh wounds in the thigh and hand. I had become separated from them in the advance.

When the ambulance containing General Wadsworth came back Dr. Gild, Medical Director of the Army, and his assistants were busy with Longstreet and Latrobe, but in a little while they examined the Federal general. He was alive, but Dr. Gild said he could not live long, that nothing could be done for him. He died that night. He was shot in the head, and although he was blind he talked incessantly. Dr. Gild tried to get some information from him in reference to Grant's movements, but in vain. When that subject was broached he emphatically shut up. Upon any other subject he talked freely and pleasantly. His reticence upon the subject of his commander's plans and the movements of his troops was a remarkable instance of what *noblesse oblige* means to a dying gentleman and soldier.

I think I have now described all I saw of the battle. I have said before in these papers that the soldier seldom sees much of a battle, especially in a wooded country, and this battle was fought in the woods, and with infantry only. I did not see any cavalry, and heard no artillery. The country was much like many parts of Virginia. The land appeared to be worn-out tobacco lands, left to grow up in scrub. The few open fields were covered with sedge-grass,—an unfailing sign of poor soil. The trees were rather small, oaks, pines, cedars, seldom large enough to shield a man from musketry, but thick enough on the ground to obstruct the vision. The vision was confined to a maximum of about a hundred yards, and often in the tangled thickets to ten yards. Artillery, therefore, was useless, for it was as likely to damage one side as the other; and cavalry, if it moved, was always in danger of an ambushade of infantry.

All I saw on my ride of about two and a half miles down the plank road to the field where the ordnance train was destroyed,

then on my ride back to Longstreet, about seven miles, then back again to the field above mentioned, and back again to where the medical department was giving aid to the wounded, about eighteen miles in all, and through the thickly wooded country, I have described. Of course I saw very little of the battle. I spent the remainder of the day looking for the reserved ordnance trains and trying to see what could be done to replace the ordnance train we had lost. I found on my second visit to it that but few wagons had been blown up by the enemy's bullets, and what was needed most was horses to move it.

Although I saw little of this battle, I of course heard a great deal. For instance, I was told that Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions, having lain down on their arms all night without rectifying their lines, were in no position to resist Grant's attack in the morning; that their lines formed a V, with the point of the V inverted, with the wings towards the enemy. If this were true, of course the men in front had a fire in their rear from the beginning; and no troops can stand that. I heard also that Longstreet's men faltered on one part of the line and that General Lee was prevented from leading them in a charge by the men taking his horse by the bridle and leading him out of the hot fire of the enemy. But of my own knowledge I know only what I have described.

There now began a race for Richmond. We expected Grant would attack the next morning, but learned instead that he was moving by his left flank towards Richmond. General Lee immediately moved by his right flank to intercept him, and brought him to bay at Spottsylvania Court House, where were fought several of the fiercest battles of the war, lasting, I think (speaking from memory only), about eight days. We supposed now that Grant would stop to recruit and refit; but no, he moved one night by his left flank again, and we moved also to intercept him by our right. In this race for Richmond there were many battles or fights, but nothing stopped Grant. He had men enough to fight Lee and march on Richmond too. He did not halt to bury his dead or care for his wounded. They were left, as at Spottsylvania, to their fate, which was a hard one, for we,

being fully employed in caring for our own men, could pay no attention to them.

I had no map but possessed some knowledge of the country, and how General Lee managed to keep Grant out of Richmond, I have never been able to understand. At Spottsylvania, we (Lee and Grant) were the same distance from Richmond. Grant, with double Lee's army, could fight and march at the same time, while Lee was obliged to stop when he fought in the day, and then march his tired men at night, against Grant's fresh men; and yet Lee saved Richmond, for the time, at least. I know, of course, nothing of the plans of either General, but it always looked to me as if Grant expected to crush Lee at the Wilderness. Well, he failed in this. Then he tried to crush Lee in the Spottsylvania fights. He failed in this. Then he tried to get possession of the road from Fredericksburg to Richmond. He failed in this also. Lee got the Fredericksburg road, and held it all the way down to Richmond by hard fighting and rapid marching. When we remember that Grant crossed the Rapidan with not less than 200,000 men, and that Lee could never have had over 60,000, the saving of Richmond was the most wonderful feat of the whole war. To me it seemed that we were fighting all day, and marching all night. There was no regular sleep for anybody, and less for General Lee than anyone. Whenever a marching column was halted for a few minutes the men threw themselves down in the road, and got a few moments' sleep. Whenever I saw General Lee he was awake, day or night. His healthy, vigorous body seemed not to need rest, but even if he needed it, his active and powerful adversary would not permit him to take it.

General Lee knew all the time that the price of safety was eternal vigilance, and he paid the price then, just as he always did during his whole life on earth.

At last we reached the James River, below Richmond. How long a time had elapsed since Grant crossed the Rapidan I do not remember. When we began the campaign, it was spring (May), and the weather was cool, especially at night. Now it was very hot, and I suppose about July. Having reached James River, Richmond was certainly safe for the moment, as all the

fortifications could now be manned by the best fighting troops the world ever saw, and I supposed we should now have some rest. But no, General Lee crossed the river the next morning and took the road to Petersburg, his staff following. About nine miles from Petersburg a courier met us and handed a dispatch to the General. In one moment he was going in a long, swinging gallop, his staff following, and we never drew rein until we rode into the town. I had done some hard riding during the war, but this ride of nine miles at full speed with the temperature above 90° was, for the length of it, harder on man and beast than any other.

When we started, the General was afraid, from his dispatches, that he would find Petersburg in the hands of the enemy, and if the enemy had shown the least enterprise it certainly would have been, for it was defended only by the citizens of the town, old men and a few disabled soldiers on sick leave. But we found it safe, and the entry of our troops almost on our heels, was a relief from all anxiety. General Lee was temporarily quartered in some public building, the Town Hall, I think, and the ladies sent in breakfast,—loaves of bread, butter and coffee,—which refreshed us after our hot ride.

History will record what was done by General Lee and his army in this campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg; will describe all the battles and give the numbers of killed, wounded, and captured, things which I am not attempting. My task is mainly to relate those incidents which came under my observation, and which may be of some interest to those who may read these pages, but some have been forgotten in the lapse of years. There were some incidents I have already narrated in my sketches of General Lee which I have published elsewhere,¹ as being of almost a personal nature and not belonging especially to this campaign.

THE PETERSBURG CAMPAIGN

When we arrived at Petersburg we began at once to strengthen our lines. This was a task the magnitude of which may be par-

¹See *Harper's Monthly*, February, 1911, and *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, October, 1913.

tially understood when it is remembered that our lines extended from the left of Richmond to the right of Petersburg, covering a distance of about thirty miles, and all this work had to be done by the men in the army. There were some works around Richmond, but it was twenty-five miles to Petersburg, and work was necessary throughout this line and also to the right of Petersburg, to protect our right flank. And these works were not ordinary field works. In places the enemy's lines were very near, and our works had to be bomb-proof and approached by zig-zags, galleries, etc. The building of these works, the mounting of heavy guns, the building of roads and bridges, required all the officers and men of the army to work, and work hard.

At first the General and staff camped in tents on the north bank of the river, but as winter came on the General was ordered into a house on account of rheumatism, and he selected one on the south bank of the river about a mile from Petersburg. All the staff except the adjutant-general and aids remained on the north bank of the river, about a mile from the town and opposite General Lee's house. Being separated, I saw but little of the General during the winter. He rode up to our quarters occasionally, and sometimes dismounted and came into our tents, but I never went to his house unless I was sent for. However, I was not idle. The scarcity of men made it necessary to order all the men detailed as clerks back to their commands, and we lost the ordnance clerk, Overton Price, and I had to do all the writing of the office myself. This was near the spring, but before that the General sent me on many expeditions, giving me all the work I wanted.

To those not acquainted with the organization of an army, an explanation here may not be amiss. In every company of men, in infantry, artillery, and cavalry, there is an ordnance or quartermaster and commissary sergeant who makes up a report every morning and hands it to his captain. The captain of each company sends in his report to the adjutant of the regiment. The adjutant condenses the company reports and hands them to the colonel, who in turn forwards them to the adjutant-general of the brigade, and so on, to the division and the corps. When the

ordnance reports came to me I condensed them into one report, which was forwarded to General Lee.

Now this same system applied to each one of the departments of the army, quartermaster, commissary, medical, etc. In this way General Lee had every morning complete reports of the condition of his army. The ordnance reports gave him the number and character of the arms, and the number of rounds of ammunition in the hands of the men and in the ordnance trains of regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps, and in the reserve ordnance train of the whole army, also the number and character and calibre of guns in the artillery and the number of rounds of ammunition to each gun. The chief commissary gave him the rations on hand and available. The quartermaster gave him the amount of clothing, shoes, etc., and the transportation and the condition of it. The medical department gave him information as to hospital accommodation, medical stores, etc. The adjutant-general's department gave him the number of men present and fit for duty, the absent, sick, or on furlough, the number and character of the detailed men, etc.; and lastly, the inspector-general's department gave him an idea of the condition of his army generally, as to its excellence, or the contrary.

From the day of our arrival at Petersburg until the day we evacuated it, there was very little fighting. It was all routine work, with nothing exciting about it. The affair of the Crater and the fight at Hatcher's Run were about the only exceptions. In January I was sent to Lynchburg to arrange for a depot of supplies.

I seized several tobacco warehouses and some churches and filled them with stores. I knew nothing of General Lee's plans, of course, but I thought then and I think now, that he intended to give Grant the slip and not wait for the attack in the spring. General Lee knew that he could not move artillery and wagon trains in the spring, when the roads were soft and miry. Therefore, I accumulated, under his orders, a large quantity of ordnance stores at Lynchburg. That his plan of falling back on Lynchburg before the spring opened was overruled from Richmond, is apparent to me, because in the latter part of February I was again sent to Lynchburg, and nearly all the arms, ammunition,

heavy artillery, etc., which had been accumulated there, were shipped back to Petersburg, and much of it was destroyed by us the night of the evacuation, because there were not engines enough to move the heavy trains standing on the track and loaded with ordnance. Of course the result of the war would have been only postponed. The end was in sight, but General Lee's duty as a commander was to avoid being caught in a trap, and with his heavy supplies in Lynchburg, he could have fallen back in light marching order encumbered by no heavy supply trains and artillery, and Grant could not follow without his supply train. As it was, when the retreat was forced upon him (General Lee), the roads were in such condition that neither supply trains nor artillery could be moved, and we left them at every stage of the retreat, stuck in the bottomless mud, or blown up in Petersburg for the want of motive power.

On the first night of the retreat I came up with a battery of artillery stuck in the mud. The road behind was blocked with long trains of wagons and artillery, which were waiting for this battery to pull out. They (the batteries in the rear) could not pull out and pass. The road was through woods, and each side of it was water and swamp. An officer came along with fifty cavalry horses which were coming down to their command after wintering in the up-country. I told him I must have them to pull this battery out. He demurred, and I wrote an order by command of General Lee, and he yielded. We worked at that battery until daylight, the horses and guns sinking deeper and deeper in the morass at each effort, until the guns were under water, and the horses only showed their heads and backs above it. I gave the officer his horses, apologizing for their muddy and forlorn condition. The captain asked me what he should do with the battery and I told him he had better save his horses, the battery was beyond saving; and I know that this was the condition of many batteries and wagon trains that night. The roads in our rear were strewn with them for miles, hopelessly lost.

Now I do not believe this was General Lee's fault. I am sure he intended to send all his artillery and supply trains up-country before the frost came out of the ground and the roads became

impassable, and then retreat unencumbered by wagons or artillery. Otherwise, why was I sent to Lynchburg, and why were many light batteries sent back as far as Amelia Court House? Someone blundered, but it was not General Lee; although, I suppose, he took all the blame upon himself, as was his habit.

Soon after our arrival at Petersburg and the excitement of the campaign was over, it became apparent to me and to many others that our cause was hopeless; nevertheless, I believe that all the army, from General Lee down, worked on as hard as if success depended on their efforts. Immense works and approaches were built, heavy guns mounted, mines and countermines dug, and all this with the fighting men of the command. And it must be remembered that this fighting strength had been greatly impaired in the sixty days' campaign and terrible battles from the Wilderness to Petersburg.

As I have before said, our line could not have been less than thirty miles long, and many parts of that line were defended by a mere line of skirmishers, the men in line standing thirty feet apart. When it is remembered that our regiments were now reduced to two hundred men, and in many cases under that, and that of these only half could be counted on for duty, my statement can be understood. All the men had chills every other day. The men on duty had had their chills the day before, and the men in the rear with their chills on them came on duty and replaced the men in front, as soon as their chill was over. Really all these men should have been in hospitals, as none of them were fit for duty.

If Grant had known our real condition he could have walked over our works any night almost without a contest. When the explosion of the Crater took place he could have poured his whole army through our works and put an end to the war then and there. Think of his allowing Mahone, with a part of his remnant of a division, the whole not 5,000 strong, to drive back his attack after the explosion. He had had time to march 50,000 men through that gap, and to deploy the greater part of them, or enough, at any rate, to secure his position within our line of works and defend it against any force we could have commanded. Our line was thirty miles long, and before we could

have brought our army together it would have been destroyed in detachments, just as it was destroyed in the end.

When the retreat was forced upon General Lee it was impossible to bring his army together. There was no time to do it, the distances were too great, and the different sections fell an easy prey to his powerful enemy, following closely on them, and in some cases intercepting them on their march to join their General. My opinion formed at that time was founded upon information exceptionally good. I took no notes, and therefore cannot give any figures, but I certainly knew every day the ordnance strength, and being in close contact with the heads of departments, gleaned a great deal of knowledge of those departments, and knew pretty accurately the strength and disposition and resources of the whole army.

At last the blow was struck. Early in April, on a bright Sunday morning, we heard at our camp that A. P. Hill had been attacked and overpowered, and was retreating up the south bank of the Appomattox. This meant the immediate evacuation of Petersburg. I was dressed for church; but there was no church for any of us that day. I rode at once into Petersburg and met General Lee in the street. He said he wished to see Colonel Baldwin, but I did not know where he was. The General then told me that the town must be evacuated during the day and desired me to get what ordnance stores I could out of the town and to destroy what could not be moved. I told him I was already engaged in doing this. But there was little I could do. The few available engines had already pulled out with as much as they could draw, and there were no wagons to be had, and if there had been wagons they would have stuck in the mud before they went far. I remained in town until midnight, the time appointed for the burning of Pocahontas Bridge, a wooden structure over the Appomattox. When I reached our camp, about a mile up the river, there was no one there. All had joined the retreat up the river, along the north bank. I looked back and saw the burning bridge. The trains of cars had already been set on fire.

I soon overtook the wagons and artillery toiling through the mud, many hopelessly stuck. The further I rode, the more

hopeless it all seemed to be. I did what I could, which was really nothing, and came up with General Lee at a farm house on the roadside, about sunrise.

On the retreat all officers were ordered to abandon their luggage, retaining only the clothes they wore and one change of underclothing, which could be strapped on their saddles. At last I was ordered to destroy the ordnance records. The big camp desk filled with papers was lifted from our wagon to the ground and I set it afire; and here occurred the only amusing incident of the retreat. A crowd of officers and servants was standing around, looking at the fire which lighted up the night. I had forgotten a pair of revolvers in one of the drawers, and presently ten shots in rapid succession were fired from the desk. As the pistols changed position from the recoil of each shot, the firing was in all directions, and the disorderly and undignified mode of the retreat of the onlookers could not have been exceeded if a shell from one of Grant's big guns had burst in their midst.

It was plain to everybody, I think, that our cause, which we had believed to be in danger ever since the Gettysburg campaign, was now hopeless. That we might cut our own way out, join forces with General Johnston and retire into the mountains and thus prolong the struggle, was spoken of and advocated by a few optimists; but the sober thoughts of thinking people who knew the exhaustion of our resources, both in men and supplies, gave no room for hope, although they gave no expression to their views. The most admirable trait of the Army of Northern Virginia was their entire faith and trust in their commander. Reduced now to less than 10,000 men, with artillery and supply trains utterly lost, hungry, footsore, half clothed, they were as ready as ever for attack. Several times during the retreat we were threatened by contact with the enemy and our men went into line of battle with all the *élan* which belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia in its glorious days of prowess. If General Lee had given the order, that little band would have cut its way through Grant's Army without a doubt. How many would have been left to tell the tale we do not know, probably one-half of the force would have been left on that bloody field and four

thousand men would have constituted what was once the invincible Army of Northern Virginia. The surrender of their chief averted this final catastrophe; but years will come and years will go and the brave deeds of the Army of Northern Virginia will never be forgotten. They will be told in marble; they will be told on the painter's canvas, they will be told at the family fireside and wherever boys are taught to be men.

I will not attempt to give any further account of the retreat and surrender. I know this has been done by others, although I have read no history of the war or any description of any part of it. What I saw of it is not worth recounting, and I will leave the subject here.

A. R. H. RANSON.

Catonsville, Maryland.

MINORITY RULE

There appears to be quite general agreement that the Democratic party has been giving the country a satisfactory administration of public affairs; that under the leadership of President Wilson the Democratic majorities in House and Senate have been in the process of "restoring the government to the people." In tariff revision and currency reform, irrespective of methods and details, "The New Freedom" has enlisted enthusiastic support, and denunciation of caucus rule and executive usurpation has been met with the assurance that we have entered a new era distinguished alike by economic sanity and self-government. Passing over the obvious inconclusiveness of a present discussion of the economic results of Democratic enactments, we find that these recent developments in "self-government" offer enticing opportunities for immediate analysis. All thoughtful persons have observed that the present party in power, in House and Senate as well as in the Presidency, represents by the vote of November of 1912, a decided minority of the people. Even though we have witnessed a political revolution within the past eighteen months, majority mandate has yet to be given.

Yet, lacking this mandate of a majority there is very general agreement that somehow in the enactment of tariff legislation we have seen the Democratic party "achieve a triumph of self-government." If it be that after twenty years of agitation and one campaign of denunciation, self-government has come into being in Washington other than by the vote of a vigorous majority, and that a minority led by an Easterner and composed largely of Southerners has been giving us our first recent exercise of a "people's government," what of the continued demand, so strongly urged, particularly in the West, for the enthronement of the majority, if need be by institutional changes, in order that the will of the people may be law? Clearly the nature of the outcome of the election of 1912 and what the Democrats have made of it bears a very direct relation to the ever-present movement for what we term more popular govern-

ment. Therein lies the very great importance of the *Congressional elections of the present year*.

I.

It has been observed that a decided minority elected Woodrow Wilson and his supporting majorities. In such circumstances a mild party programme might have been expected. Cautious use of such a victory would seem bidden. Inasmuch as an overwhelming majority had voted for the protective principle in tariff-making, it might seem improbable that the party, restored to power after sixteen years of exile which had followed the tariff legislation of 1894, should attempt to enact a Democratic bill based on a Democratic tariff principle. And in all certainty the party would have made the not uncommon mistake of mild hesitancy had not Woodrow Wilson been the recognized leader of that party. Yet this President, who with unwonted exercise of executive leadership has made possible the Democratic record of the past year and a half, received a million and a third votes less than the combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt.

In his inaugural address President Wilson said:—

“No one can mistake the purpose for which the nation now seeks to use the Democratic party. It seeks to use it to interpret a change in its own plans and point of view.”

It may be asked, How was it that the nation chose the Democratic party as its instrument? Was it because the Baltimore platform of that party expressed this new point of view, or had the Democratic administration become the instrument of the new impulse by an accident? The President took decided ground. In addressing Congress on the eighth of April he said:—

“I have called the Congress together in extraordinary session because a duty was laid upon the party now in power at the recent elections which it ought to perform promptly.”

That it was a Democratic programme that he urged was apparent at once:—

"We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege or of any kind of artificial advantage, and put our business men and producers under the stimulation of a constant necessity to be efficient, economical and enterprising, masters of competitive supremacy, better workers and merchants than any in the world."

On the twenty-third of June he urged immediate action on the currency:—

"It is absolutely imperative that we should give the business men of this country a banking and currency system by means of which they can make use of the freedom of enterprise and individual initiative which we are about to bestow upon them."

The Democratic party was in undisputed control of the government, and the President, as leader of the party, asked that a Democratic Congress enact Democratic legislation at once.

The Democratic majorities upon the committees in both houses of Congress prepared bills embodying Democratic doctrines. The tariff bill was approved by the secret caucus of the House Democrats before it was presented to the House; in the Senate the procedure was the same. It was a Democratic bill. The programme of the Democratic leaders can be justified only on the ground that the popular will was vested in them at the last election.

Yet they know, as everyone else does, that the Wilson vote was nearly two and one half million less than the combined votes of his opponents. President Wilson emphasized his appreciation of that fact in his New Jersey utterances in May of last year, and Democratic members in both houses of Congress have admitted the importance of the fact when pressed in debate.

Indeed, few have been careless enough at any time to assert openly that the electoral majority received by Wilson registered a national decision in favor of the Baltimore platform of the Democratic party. Yet post-election pronouncements were based largely upon such an assumption. The party in power proceeded to enact Democratic legislation on the tariff and the currency, as if the plurality vote indicated the conversion of a large number of voters to Democratic policies. Indeed in the

tariff debate the programme of radical revision has been supported by a reference to the "sweeping victory."

In proceeding in such a manner three assumptions have been made: (1) that the voters were fully alive to the issue; (2) that the elimination of Bryan as a candidate materially strengthened the party with additional groups of voters; (3) that the Progressive vote consisted, not of Republicanism of a modified form, but of Democratically minded elements that would have supported the Democratic ticket, had there been no Progressive ticket, and who may be expected to support to some extent the Democratic policies. Upon such basis would the Democratic leaders consider the presidential vote of 1912 decisive, and proceed to carry out the proper mandate.

Each of these assumptions is incorrect.

In a warmly contested election the vote of 1912 was nevertheless some 200,000 less than the vote of 1908, and when consideration is taken of increase in population, the total decrease in the vote of 1912 may be safely placed at 500,000. Both the Republican and Democratic parties shared in the decrease, the latter most seriously, for Wilson's vote was 116,000 less than Bryan's vote in 1908. Investigation shows that Wilson had a majority vote in essentially the same areas as carried by Bryan.¹ In the forty-three states, where a fair comparison can be made, Wilson had a majority in one less county than the number carried by Bryan. He carried, by majority vote, fourteen of the sixteen states carried by Bryan, and no more. If the Democratic platform and candidate of 1912 attracted a greater number of voters, it did not lead them to go to the polls.

This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that the combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt was within 73,000 of Taft's vote of 1908, and that together they held from Wilson the same areas

¹ In a paper in the July number of the *American Journal of Sociology* (XX, 18-30) the writer has shown that of the 2,975 counties in the United States, although Wilson carried 2,196, he had a majority in only 1,431. Bryan had carried 1,360 counties in 1908. Excluding the new counties since 1908, Wilson had one county less than Bryan. Twelve hundred and thirty-six counties were identical; that is, Democratic in both elections. Of the 1,536 counties in which Wilson did not have a majority, Taft led Roosevelt in 648, and in 888 Roosevelt led Taft.

that were Republican in 1908. It is clear that the country was not convinced that a vital issue was involved; that no considerable number of men voted for Wilson who had not voted for Bryan; that the body of voters that supported Taft in 1908 chose either Taft or Roosevelt in preference to Wilson.

It is undoubtedly true that neither Taft nor Roosevelt could have held what their combined vote kept from Wilson. The pre-convention dispute was too bitterly personal, and thousands of voters could not have been induced to vote for the victorious nominee as early as November. Yet the extent of this disagreement may be over-emphasized. The Illinois convention that elected Roosevelt delegates to the Republican National Convention endorsed the Taft administration. Taft leaders were willing to consider a compromise candidate after the convention had been organized in their behalf. Progressive Republican senators and congressmen who had waged unrelenting war on Taft during his administration supported the ticket after the nominations had been made.

It is of course impossible to say what would have happened had there been a compromise ticket and a straddle platform; particularly, had it emphasized the immediate revision of the tariff. In all probability it would still have meant a Democratic presidential victory; but had there been no certainty in July of a Roosevelt candidacy it is doubtful whether Wilson would have been made the Democratic nominee, and therefore problematic would be the exact status of affairs at Washington under the new administration. The might-have-been clearly gives place to a consideration of the present alignment.

The President and the Democratic Congress in taking the position that they have been commissioned to give this country a thoroughly Democratic administration of public affairs are doing so without a declared mandate from a majority of the people. This statement is not in any measure vitiated by the claim that the rule of such a minority may confidently expect majority approval. Rather it bids us consider the reason.

For notwithstanding the elevation to power of representatives of a minority this weakness has led to no serious attack from representatives of the majority. Division of sentiment in the

majority explains much; but even the present tariff law has for the most part escaped this criticism. Indeed, when the administration has claimed to be expressing a popular will there has been a general agreement that it has been doing so. Thus far when an opposition has fought in the open it has denounced the method, not the content, of Democratic rule, and when it has remained in the background it has been constituted by those arrogant individuals who, we are told, desire to rule by indirection. The truth of the matter seems to be that the minority party has used with discrimination the product of twenty years of agitation and has appeared to give us government for all the people. Are we then to admit the possibility of a satisfactory administration of public affairs at the hands of a minority? Is the lack of absolute need for majority rule thus shown? Even if it be admitted that the minority is acting thus merely to gain majority approval in 1914, have we not conclusive evidence that in most aggravated circumstances the governmental machinery provided in the Constitution, and electoral methods evolved through long use have insured a representative Democracy, backed by genuine popular approval? Public opinion has found the old channels adequate. If this be in a measure true how much greater the burden of proof upon those who would so change our machinery as to enthrone the majority and uncover a minority to immediate attack.

The real strength of the present minority is not far to seek. For we cannot get away from the fact that, assuming the government by accident and after a campaign in which no appreciable number of converts were made, it is under the personal leadership of Wilson that the Democracy has scored a triumph for popular government. There has not been greater freedom of debate in the House, nor has caucus rule been abolished in the Senate. In the Executive changes have appeared. Moreover, Wilson as candidate on the Baltimore platform of the Democratic party, failed to win a majority of the votes. As President, pursuing a policy dictated by his own convictions and using methods approved by critical study, he has conducted a government that has won widespread approval. His administration, it is, that has given us a popular government. But will

this minority administration be able to gain majority approval at the polls? That is the question.

II.

It is generally conceded that the Democratic party is certain of a victory in the impending congressional elections. That the party presents a remarkable record of constructive legislation accounts in a measure for this opinion, yet it would be difficult to understand how a party, so recently placed in power, could be accorded an easy victory in a not infrequently disastrous mid-term election, were it not that in the greater number of congressional districts the opposition is seriously divided, and consequently in many a plurality victory for the Democratic candidate is a certainty. In such contests the opponents of the Democracy may not be expected to exert their usual efforts, and this weakening of the opposition, together with the general confidence among Democrats, will result in a decrease in the total vote. All parties will undoubtedly share in this decrease, but the effects must be most serious upon the Democracy.

It is of vital importance to the Democratic party that a full majority of the electorate approve of its administration of public affairs. Two years ago a minority was sufficient. The division in the Republican party made possible the election of Wilson, gave him a majority in the Senate, and resulted in an enormous majority in the House of Representatives. The Democracy came into complete control of the government. If after a year and a half of Democratic government the party representatives poll again only a minority of the votes, there can be little thought of supremacy beyond the present administration. On the other hand, a majority mandate at this time would unquestionably build for a term of Democratic years.

A majority mandate will require the change of at least 500,000 votes, and such a shift would break the practice of nearly twenty years. During the eighteen years previous to the congressional election of 1910, the Democratic party did not poll a majority of the votes in a national election. The defeat of 1894 had been decisive, and no congressional campaign showed any appreciable increase or decrease in the number of Demo-

cratic voters. In that time four presidential campaigns were fought, and in the latest the Democratic candidate polled 1,269,804 votes less than his Republican opponent. Bryan's vote was somewhat less in 1908 than when he ran twelve years before and his basic vote came from essentially the same areas. At the best, the Democracy seemed only to hold its own.

Then, as a result of serious division in the Republican party, the election of 1910 gave a majority of Democrats an election to the House of Representatives. The gains were well distributed. Yet the aggregate vote cast for the Democracy increased very little, the victory being due largely to the "silent" voter's repudiation of the recent enactments of the Republican party. But the result gave the Democrats control of the House,—and confidence. This confidence was increased by the continued division in the Republican party. It was well founded, for in 1912 the Democracy captured the presidency, although the combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt exceeded that of Wilson by 1,312,064 votes.

An examination of the congressional vote of the same year reveals the same condition. When the Democratic Congressmen went before the voters in 1912 they had to their credit a year and a half of Democratic rule in the House of Representatives and upon that record they asked for endorsement. On the face of the returns they secured it, for their majority leaped to 147. But they had waged a battle against a divided enemy, and seventy-nine of the 291 Democratic members had only a plurality in their districts. In each the vote of the successful Democrat was exceeded by the combined vote of the Republican and Progressive candidates. The Democrats elected by majority vote less members in 1912 than they had in 1910. The aggregate Democratic vote was less than it had been in 1908. The Democratic control of the House was not backed by a mandate from a majority of the electorate.

Minority rule is perhaps most sharply revealed in the nature of the Democratic control of the Senate. As a result of elections in 1912, New Hampshire, Illinois, and Montana, sent Democratic Senators, whose vote was exceeded in each instance by the combined vote of Progressive and Republican opponents,

The presence of these three Democrats enabled the Democracy to control the Senate with a majority of six. Had these states, on the contrary, been represented by either Progressives or Republicans, the Senate would have been evenly divided, and in such an event the passage of the Democratic legislation would have been attended with great difficulty.

In the impending elections for the House and for one-third of the Senate the task before the Democracy is to secure a majority of the votes as well as a majority of the representatives.

The campaign has opened in preliminary skirmishes for ten of the thirty-two senatorial seats that are to be filled during the present year. On the basis of the presidential vote of 1912 seven of these are certain to be filled by Democrats, having a majority of the votes in their states. It is fair to say that such a result in these states,—Arkansas, Florida, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana,—will not indicate a strengthening of the Democratic party. It will hold its own.

It may also hold eight seats, for Arizona, Colorado, Indiana, Maryland, Missouri, Nevada, Oklahoma, and Oregon, which are now occupied by Democrats. Yet in the election of 1912 Wilson polled in these states less than a majority of the votes, as this table of percentages will show :—

<i>State</i>	<i>Wilson</i>	<i>Taft</i>	<i>Roosevelt</i>
Arizona	43.60	12.74	29.29
Colorado	42.79	21.87	27.09
Indiana	43.07	24.11	24.77
Maryland	48.57	23.69	25.00
Missouri	47.34	29.75	17.80
Nevada	39.70	15.88	27.94
Oklahoma	46.84	35.69
Oregon	35.08	25.30	27.44

Unless the Republican party remains seriously divided in these states the Democratic senatorial candidate will win in a popular election only by an increase in the Democratic vote.

Even without an increase in votes the Democrats seem sanguine of their chances in seven states, each of which is now represented by one Democratic Senator. That a favorable result

may be reasonably expected by Democrats, only because of the split in the Republican party, may be seen by a glance at the percentages for the vote of 1912:—

<i>State</i>	<i>Wilson</i>	<i>Taft</i>	<i>Roosevelt</i>
Kentucky	48.40	25.46	22.64
Idaho	32.08	31.03	24.14
Kansas	32.87	20.48	31.10
Ohio	40.84	26.80	22.19
New Hampshire	39.59	37.50	20.28
New York	41.28	28.68	24.57
Illinois	35.34	22.13	33.72

There remain ten seats. Vermont and Utah are certain to elect Republicans, and Iowa, North Dakota, and Wisconsin will as certainly elect Progressive Republicans. The permanence of the Republican division in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington, and California, gives encouragement to the Democrats that they may win in these areas.

On the basis of the vote of 1912 a triangular contest will insure the election of twenty-two Democrats and makes extremely probable the election of five more. Should the triangular contest tend to disappear and the Democracy only hold those seats now held, the party would have fifteen of the thirty-two seats and still control the Senate. Democratic victory is then certain. This very certainly makes less probable a Democratic triumph; that is, a decided increase in the Democratic vote cast.

The situation with regard to elections to the House is similar. If the division in the Republican party remains even half as serious in 1914 as it was in 1912, it is safe to predict the return of an enormous Democratic majority. The sharpest fighting will occur in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Here it was that important plurality gains were made in the congressional elections of 1912, and in many of the districts the margin of Republican victory has been increasingly small for the past ten years. Easy victory will be gained by the Democrats in the one hundred and thirty districts of the South. An increase of the Democratic vote in New England, the Middle West, and in the greater part of the Far West, need not be expected, and so great is the lead of the non-Democratic vote that

Democratic effort would be of little avail, except in those districts where a real three-cornered contest is maintained.

Judging the probable result of these elections by the present activity of the factions within the Republican party, the endorsement of President Wilson is assured; that is, the Democrats will control the Sixty-fourth Congress. In controlling it they will be in a position to prepare a record for use in the presidential campaign of 1916. They will present, let us assume, four years of altogether meritorious achievement. They will have shown themselves efficient administrators, even though the mandate came by accident. And yet this minority will be doomed to immediate defeat the moment the majority chooses one avenue of expression, unless the Democracy has shown a capacity to attract additional supporters. The opportunity is at hand. No such opportunity will present itself again.

For those who are still skeptical of the value of examining the source of a result, as long as the result is satisfactory, a summary word may be added. The Democratic vote has long been stationary. In a sharply contested election in 1912 there was an evident decrease in voting interest, and the Democracy suffered most heavily. Wilson's vote was only forty-two per cent of the total vote cast. Congress was Democratic only because of a divided opposition. There is at present, it is true, a considerable enthusiasm for President Wilson's conduct of the government, yet there is a visible lack of confidence in the Democratic party. Bye-elections have exhibited a remarkable apathy. If there is to be a mighty growth in Democratic strength we ought to find visible signs of it some months before the November elections of the present year. If the minority rule of President Wilson is permanently to affect the history of the nation it must bring to its support a majority of the electorate.

EDGAR EUGENE ROBINSON.

Leland Stanford Junior University.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF JOHN DRYDEN

Dryden has so long stood as the first and one of the greatest of those men who made of the eighteenth century an age of reason, of sound sense, of firm and lasting prose, that new approaches to the study of either his verse or his criticism seem hardly possible. The fine massiveness of the man towering above the little wits of the age has had a peculiar appeal to critics from that day to this. His splendid outbursts of criticism, his large and genial praise of favorite authors, and the inevitable comparison of his critical remarks with those of the only other critic of importance during the period of his literary activity, Thomas Rymer, have tended to obscure some of the weaknesses of his position. Dr. Johnson, himself a commanding figure in eighteenth-century criticism, peculiarly fitted to pass upon his predecessor, has justly said that Dryden's criticism is the criticism of a poet; "not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which the censor was not able to have committed; but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction." More recently, Mr. Saintsbury, with his customary abandonment of judgment where his subject pleases him, chooses to sacrifice Boileau to Dryden, claiming for him a place on that shelf—no spacious one—reserved for the best criticism of the world. He introduced, our critic continues, "the English fashion of criticising, as Shakespeare did the English fashion of dramatizing—the fashion of aiming at delight, at truth, at justice, at nature, at poetry, and letting the rules take care of themselves."

But to most thoughtful students of the time, it was Dryden's very inability ever to forget the rules that makes this extravagant praise so unsatisfactory. Other admirers attempt in various ways to explain his alternate subserviency to the rules and his delightful abandonment of himself to his own mood, the uncomfortable discrepancy between what he really felt and what he thought he ought to feel. Thus, one of the latest of these, Dr. W. E. Bohn,¹ divides his critical activity into five periods, and pro-

¹ *Publications of the Mod. Lang. Association*, new series, vol. 22, 1907.

ceeds to show a real growth through them all. That is to say, it is possible to prove that Dryden was consistently inconsistent, and that his very inconsistency gave evidence of a steady growth of his critical powers toward a sound and consistent maturity.

A glance at the conditions under which literature was produced during this period will help to make clear how difficult it was for one to maintain a single attitude towards anything. The first years following the Restoration marked the reign of irresponsible pleasure: the king thought only of a life of gayety; his subjects, tired of the severe Puritan discipline and charmed by the graces of their sovereign, let themselves slip gently with the current. Had Charles conducted his own life with some show of discretion; had he not played politics with the court of Louis; above all, had he and his successor left Englishmen in possession of the assurance that their dearly bought religious liberties should remain intact, there would doubtless have been no Revolution and no Orange Succession. His foolish conduct in submitting to the domination of the French king and his confessed partiality for the Catholic faith were indeed the direct causes of the political strife which was to terminate in the expulsion of the Stuarts from the throne of England. So long as the king did not interfere with the established privileges of his subjects, he might be as wayward in his private life as he pleased, but when the great principles for which so much blood had been shed were in danger, the ancient spirit of the Puritans was called again into being with a force and a bitterness astonishing to the careless monarch. Party passion ran high; and the newly-formed parties, the Whigs and the Tories, found their alignment upon the succession of James, the Catholic brother of the king.

To oppose the Whigs, Charles relied upon a number of hired pamphleteers, whose duty it was to break down and destroy by whatever means the reputation of those who might champion the popular cause. The king dispensed his patronage to these paid servants, though his fickle nature and conveniently short memory made the existence of any writer dependent on the royal favor most precarious. Like king, like courtier; and his followers called into their service whoever hoped to gain a living by his pen, and proved themselves as uncertain in their payment

as their master. The profession of letters in the days of the Merry Monarch was likely to be neither a very profitable nor a very honorable employment.

Conditions were indeed as unfavorable as possible for the development of an original literature of any kind. Outside of the court, the English reading public did not exist. Public taste had not been formed; libraries, with the exception of certain meagre collections of the Classics, were practically unheard of; and any pretension to learning or taste was affected or derived from foreign sources. The only literary form that can be said to have really flourished was the drama, and this had become so wholly subservient to the whims of a corrupt court circle that anything like leadership in this direction was out of the question. The Restoration theatre revealed a combination of the ancient English heroic spectacle with an appeal to the grossest passions of the audience. This audience, quite without reverence, and without the semblance of moral standards whatsoever, sought only to kill an hour's *ennui*; and attained no higher level of taste than was possessed by its patrons. Few plays appeared during this time which did not, either directly or by implication, offend against decency. The heroic play, with its bombast and its false presentation of moral values, just as slavishly pandered to a vicious popular taste as the more brutal comedy. These two forms of Restoration drama were indeed merely the clumsy attempts of unskilful workmen to impose upon the playwrights of the English stage a set of dramatic rules formulated by another country naturally and in harmony with its own national genius. The result in England was not happy. The English temper, naturally expansive and restive under restraint, did not take kindly to rules supposedly unalterable and inevitable. Moreover, new ones must be manufactured to cover the gradual admixture with the drama of Corneille and Racine of certain dramatic forms which had survived from the last days before the closing of the theatres by the Puritans; and an age of license as respects other matters found it difficult to subject itself to the discipline of laws it did not comprehend. This awkward compromise produced complete literary anarchy. Up to the time of Dryden's death in 1700, there was scarcely a

literary canon which had been accepted by more than a small portion of those who wrote for the stage. In literature, as well as in politics and religion, the age of Dryden was an age of transition, a transition from the spacious Elizabethan freedom to the absolutism of the eighteenth century.

Now, among conditions such as these, let us set a man of large, general powers with no very strong will to guide them; give him splendid reasoning abilities without any profound convictions; let him be dependent on a fickle public and more fickle patrons; and we see Dryden's situation at the beginning of his career. With a mind singularly open to conviction and a capacity for controversy quite equal to that of any of his contemporaries, he came perilously near to the attitude of mind of the accomplished sophist. In a time of great political and literary strife he proved himself a powerful antagonist, evidently delighting in the rough-and-tumble battle of wits which made up much of the writing of the day.

To what extent he was willing to lend his pen to the cause of his masters can be seen by examining the titles of some of his early poems. It cannot be said that the career of Charles's future laureate opened auspiciously. His cousin, Pickering, had been chamberlain under Cromwell, and in September, 1658, the young poet published *Heroic Stanzas on the Late Lord Protector*. It did not take long, however, to efface whatever unfavorable impression these youthful verses may have produced, for in 1661 two poems appeared, *A Panegyric on the Coronation* and *Astræa Redux, a poem on the happy restoration and return of his sacred Majesty, King Charles the Second*. Thenceforth Dryden was to be no mean sponsor for his royal patrons. Dr. Johnson's comment on his unashamed praise of the great defines pretty well one of the essential weaknesses of his character. "When once he has undertaken," he declares, "the task of praise, he no longer retains shame in himself, nor supposes it in his patron. . . . He had all forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation, and when he had scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue with another stamp. . . .

There are minds which easily sink into submission, that look on grandeur with undistinguishing reverence, and discover no defect where there is elevation of rank and affluence of riches." It is true, however, that Dryden was neither above nor below the universal practice of his day. The real fact is that he lived amongst the great, in a society of artificial manners and false sentiment; and he found nothing to detract from his self-respect in submitting to the common practice of literary men of the time. If we keep this view of him before us, we ought not to find it difficult to discover a real consistency in the apparently inconsistent acts of his life. A man of large mould, with no strong prejudices in favor of any point of view, he saw no denial of his intellectual honesty either in abject flattery of his patrons or in allowing other men to provide the starting-points for his thinking. Indeed, his mental life never advanced beyond a restless search for some external authority upon which he might place the burden of his opinions.

Before turning to an examination of Dryden's criticism, let us see how this point of view is borne out with respect to his politics and his religion. By 1670 he had become so important a literary figure that the king appointed him Historiographer and Poet Laureate to fill the place recently made vacant by the death of Sir William Davenant. From that time until Charles's death, Dryden's pen was at the service of the king and the great nobles of his court. The memorable series of satires published during the years 1681-1683 and occasioned by the trial of the Earl of Shaftesbury as a result of the collapse of Monmouth's rebellion, the two parts of *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, and *MacFlecknoe*, gave him an opportunity to strike lusty blows at his personal enemies as well as at those of the king. Here he found a congenial field for his strong descriptive powers, and those parts of *Absalom and Achitophel* which are his, and *MacFlecknoe*, remain the best specimens of personal satire of which the language can boast. Infinitely superior is their free, powerful, generous anger to the petty stabs of Pope's malice. Dryden loved a stand-up, knock-down fight, as his life spent in controversy proves, but his generous nature scorned petty or underhand revenge.

Quite in keeping with the poet's habitual flattery of the royal master, *Albion and Albanus*, an opera composed in commemoration of Charles's successes, appeared in 1685; and Dryden had its sequel, *King Arthur*, ready for performance when the king died. During the stormy years of James's reign, he produced little; and after the revolution of 1688, when he lost his pensions, he busied himself with translations and other matter more congenial to his temper. As a result, the last ten years of his life show on the whole the best and most delightful work the poet ever did. As soon as the pressure of the court was removed, he reverted to self-imposed tasks which must have brought real compensation for the loss of his perquisites.

That he felt the pinch of poverty in his declining years is made clear by more than one expression in his published work. As early as 1676, in the Dedication to *Aureng-Zebe*, we hear him admitting that he lived wholly on the king's bounty and that if it were withdrawn it would spell ruin. Again, more than fifteen years later, in the *Discourse on Satire*, 1693, he complained that though the king had encouraged his design for an epic poem, it was nothing but fair words. It must have been a genuine relief to him to know that he need no longer depend on the word of princes.

Dryden's change of religion has given rise to much comment unfavorable to his reputation for sincerity. To my mind, he was quite sincere in his act, at least as sincere as a man could be on whom the question of salvation never weighed heavily, and who, like a tired child, wished to shift the responsibility of opinion upon shoulders older and more capable of bearing it than his. I doubt if Dryden experienced any great revulsion of feeling or underwent a profound intellectual change when he embraced the Catholic faith. He was neither a constructive philosopher nor did he possess the true artist's vision, which holds before one a single goal which he must reach in scorn of consequence. He was rather an eminent man of letters, living in an age of skepticism, who groped for some universally accepted authority which might become for him an infallible guide in matters of faith. In the *Religio Laici*, published in 1682, he had frankly admitted as much as taking up the cudgels in behalf

of the Anglican Church against the Catholics and the Dissenters. During the following five years, before the appearance of the *Hind and the Panther*, he had no doubt come under the direction of the one true Church, whose priests must have pointed out how comforting to a restless soul are her sacred teachings. After the Revolution he remained constant to his new faith in spite of temptations to take the Protestant oath and retain his pension. These last years of his life are really admirable in the dignity and silence with which he bore his reversal of fortune.

If, then, in his public and private life he revealed a decided tendency to unsteadiness of purpose and uncertainty of conviction, have we not the right to suppose that he carried this mental habit into his literary and critical work? Let us see how consistently he retained this inconsistency of purpose.

Dryden's intention in writing for the stage was, by his own admission, to gain a living. In his *Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668, he frankly declares: "I confess my chief endeavors are to delight the age in which I live. If the humor of this be for low comedy, small accidents, and raillery, I will force my genius to obey it, though with more expedition I could write in verse." This pathetic avowal indicates the reason why he condescended to contribute to a literary form for which he was by nature unfitted. It was a lamentable yielding to the worst tendencies of the time, for which he was to make a manly apology in his old age under the sting of Jeremy Collier's sharp rebuke.

Of the forms of the drama which he attempted—the so-called heroic play, tragedy, and the comedy of manners—only in tragedy did he achieve anything like artistic success. Even *All for Love*, his adaptation of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, proves, in spite of much splendid verse, that Dryden's genius was not dramatic. In trying to concentrate the ten years' action of the original play into one day he has merely succeeded in excluding the dramatic interest from it altogether. The tragic crisis is already past, the two immortal lovers are already defeated and await their doom as best they may. The fact is, Dryden, in trying to obey certain external unities, the purpose of which he never understood, failed of Shakespeare's

unity of conception, failed indeed to show any control over tragic action whatever. The beauties of *All for Love* are lyric, as the title and sub-title would indicate. *The World Well Lost* precludes any struggle of the individual will against fate; it demands fine poetry, passionate declamation rather lyric than dramatic in character, and a centering of attention more on moods than on action. For what, then, did he admire Shakespeare? Briefly, for his diversity, for his comprehensive soul, for his supreme poetry. Dryden never could have become a great dramatic critic, for in practice he proved his utter inability to understand the dramatic form.

With respect to the other two dramatic forms, the heroic play and comedy, he was at once the most prolific and the least original figure of the period. The first of these may be defined as a crude endeavor to adapt the Fletcherian tragedy to the new requirements for play-writing which had been imported from across the Channel. In the hands of unconscientious English dramatists the solemn tragedy of Corneille became the medium for the utterance of false heroics and hollow sentiment. The exaggerated struggle between love and honor merely concealed sensuality under a thin veil of romance. That Dryden could out-Herod Herod does credit solely to his superiority of versification. Certainly he showed no leadership either in creation of new types or in mastery of old ones. How far he was willing to descend in order to satisfy the desires of his corrupt audience may be seen from a brief quotation, quite typical of the kind of rant these disillusioned, roué children of the court of Charles relished:—

Is not love love without a priest and altars?
 The temples are inanimate, and know not
 What vows are made in them; the priest stands ready
 For his hire, and cares not what hearts he couples;
 Love alone is marriage.

In such a drama there are actions but no action; activity of some kind must be constantly under way to satisfy a jaded audience; and consequently spectacular effects and tremendous thrills took the place of dramatic excellence.

As for comedy, Dryden simply did not have any talent for it.

Following the lead of Etheredge and Wycherley, he imitated Molière, debasing the high comedy and infinite good taste of the Frenchman to suit his public. He had contracted with the Company of the King's Theatre to produce three plays a year, and between 1668 and 1681 he actually did write fourteen plays, for the most part without much merit. Among other offences against good taste, he had the effrontery to turn *Paradise Lost* into an opera, calling it *The Age of Innocence*, perhaps unconsciously damning his own time by his treatment of the theme. No doubt Milton, in giving consent to having his lines 'tagged,' made such reflections as were proper upon the spirit of the age. *The Mock Astrologer*, moreover, was condemned in 1668 by both Pepys and Evelyn as a symptom of the degeneracy of the age. That Dryden did not willingly lend his pen to this kind of writing will readily be granted. As late as 1690 he thus speaks of his return to the drama: "But enough of this; the difficulties increase, and I am still condemned to dig in those exhausted mines."¹ Fortunately for literature, he was not compelled to work long at such drudgery,

The various prefaces and dedications which form the body of Dryden's prose became, by virtue of their character as occasional pieces in support of whatever their author might be doing at the moment, the pleading of a workman seeking to defend himself from adverse criticism. Like the great dramatist Corneille, with whom he is oftenest compared, he was restive under the yoke laid on him by the new standards of writing which were beginning to obtain a foothold in the world of letters; but, unlike his French contemporary, he never found it convenient to submit. His vigorous and expansive, but non-conformist British mind, prevented him from doing much to assist men like Hobbes and Howard and Shadwell in working out a dramatic technique. Instead, he wavered, now quarrelling with the defender of one point of view, later yielding to the very position he had formerly attacked. He held himself too evenly poised between two moods: pushed one way by his English temperament, he was pulled in the opposite direction by his French rules. His

¹ Dedication to *Don Sebastian*.

literary moods, instead of being self-regulated and under the guidance of laws naturally formed through experiment, felt themselves constrained by that foreign yoke which never rested easily on his shoulders and to which he paid unwilling obedience. Though sincerely admiring his great predecessors in the drama, he considered it necessary to apologize for them to a public which in his heart he must have scorned. In the Preface to *Aureng-Zebe* he complained bitterly:—

Let him retire, between two ages cast,
The first of this, the hindmost of the last.

The poet here confesses his own inadaptability to his time and his failure to follow the natural bent of his genius. This confusion between his inclination and his submission to external authority, which we saw governed much of his religious life, as well as the characteristic opportunism that had so much to do in forming his opinions, is easily traceable in nearly all his critical observations. For example, his defence of rhyme as a fit medium for dramatic poetry shows how his mind failed to grasp any fundamental critical problem. When at first he attempted to follow the prevailing fashion of the heroic play, he also adopted rhyme in his verse, not perceiving that this represented a complete break with the English tradition formed through forty years of dramatic activity. When, in 1688, he made his defence of rhyme in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, he was sharply answered by Sir Robert Howard, who in the Preface to *The Duke of Lerma* attacked some of the literary fashions of the day. The following year Dryden replied by his *Defense of the Essay* in which he yielded some ground in his contention. "Rhyme," he observes, "has something of the usurper in him; but he is brave and generous and his dominion pleasing." By 1678, the date of the publication of *All for Love*, rhyme had been displaced by blank verse in the heroic play, and Dryden, with customary facility, conformed to the accepted mode. "Not that I condemn my former way," he declares, "but that this is more proper to my present purpose."

A better illustration of his mental habits, however, can be obtained by an examination of his observations upon the critical

ideas of his time and his criticism of Shakespeare and Fletcher and Ben Jonson. Throughout the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, that splendid dialogue wherein he set the two lobes of his brain to arguing, he maintains a fairly judicial attitude towards the relative merits of the classic plays, the French drama, and the English drama of the age preceding, though it is plain enough that his heart turns to his favorite "Giant Race before the Flood." Indeed the praise which he bestows on Shakespeare could hardly be surpassed. "It is a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism," declared Dr. Johnson; "exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration." Dryden is in the full tide of his powers; he has the courage to give free reign to his mental preferences; and his mind turns at once to the great men who have been the inspiration of his young manhood. Not till the very end of his life does he offer another such genuine outpouring of his soul.

By 1672 he had gained his public; and, flushed with success, he could condescend a bit to those of another and a ruder age. In the *Defense of the Epilogue* he accordingly proceeds to patronize the Elizabethans, giving them but grudging praise, and accusing them of lowness, of false wit, of incorrectness. What deserves notice, however, is not so much that his observations are not true, as that he gives such emphasis to them to the detriment of finer things he is able to say. Of Shakespeare he can say: "Many of his words, and more of his phrases, are scarce intelligible. And of those which we understand, some are ungrammatical, others worse; and his whole style is so permeated with figurative expressions, that it is as affected as it is obscure." And throughout the essay his tone is captious and faultfinding. Of course Dryden is here submitting to the dictates of the new standards of taste which were gradually clearing away the excesses of the later Jacobean drama. The shadow of the rules was beginning to fall upon him, and he felt the tyranny of the search for correctness. "Well-placing of words for the sweetness of pronunciation was not known till Mr. Waller introduced it," he declares in all seriousness, quite in the vein of Pope fifty years later. And this increased correctness of expression in the present age was due to the

existence of better manners, a more refined society, and a more affable monarch. At this point the author of the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* has arrived in four years.

The years from 1675 to 1679 mark a period of decline in court favor when Dryden was able to turn to his own pursuits without fear of pecuniary loss. The Preface to *Aureng-Zebe*, 1675, shows a return of his old love for Shakespeare,—a generous admiration for the poet, unmarred by carping enumeration of petty faults. In 1677 appeared his fine *Apology for Heroic Poetry and Poetic License*, one of his best prose efforts. It is almost Longinian in scope, containing splendid bursts of eloquence in praise of *Paradise Lost* and in denunciation of the merely correct writer. Two short years later he published his *Grounds for Criticism in Tragedy* as a preface for the adaptation which he made of *Troilus and Cressida* for the contemporary stage. This is a veritable text-book of dramatic technique, quite in the neo-classic vein, for by this time Dryden was in subjection to neo-classical tyranny, never again to free himself until the last year of his life. The last twenty years reveal him, though less dependent on the court, much more under the necessity of submitting to the popular will. They also disclose that fruitless search for authority which was largely the tragedy of his personal life.

No doubt the publication of certain treatises by eminent Frenchmen within a few years had great weight in imposing their dogmas upon him. Boileau had published in 1674 his translation and commentary upon Longinus, and in 1677 Dryden produced his *Apology for Heroic Poetry*, which may well have received an impulse from the French work. Rapin's *Réflexions sur la Poétique* appeared in 1674 and Bossu's *Traité du Poème Epique* in 1675, both of which works, utterly pseudo-classical as they were, were destined to become the gospel of classicism in England. Indeed, Dryden, in 1677, names Boileau and Rapin as among the chief of modern critics. Moreover, Thomas Rymer published his *Tragedies of the Last Age* in 1677. Rymer was the type of the logical critic who applies certain set formulas, judicially weighs the evidence, and decides with mathematical precision. His influence upon contemporary criticism was

immense, and doubtless he was one of the direct causes of Dryden's abrupt change of attitude, as it appears in his *Apology*, to a final submission to authority.

This can be illustrated by reference to his various positions regarding the purpose of poetry. In 1688, when in the full tide of success, he could assert: "Delight is the chief, if not the only, end of poetry; instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poesy instructs only as it delights."³ And again he could ask: "Why should there be any *ipse dixit* in our poetry any more than in philosophy?"⁴ Yet at almost the same time dread lest he had been too bold in self-assertion must have attacked him, for in the Preface to *Tyrannic Love* he admits that pleasure is not the only end of poetry, and asserts that precepts and examples of piety must not be omitted. In 1679 he cites Bossu as authority that the fable of a poem or a play must be built on a moral, and as late as 1690 he composes *Heads to an Answer to Mr. Rymer*, in itself a sufficient confession of weakness, in which he admits that the learned Mr. Rymer has well observed that in all punishment we are to regulate ourselves by poetic justice. Beyond this point even the most slavish soul need not go.

In all of this discussion, I have tried to avoid any estimation of the value of Dryden's criticisms. One need not yield to anybody in full enjoyment of his delightful prose or in appreciation of the justness and eloquence of some of the critical observations throughout the essays, even though one endeavors to seek a reason for the apparently abrupt changes of mood and points of view. I have tried to make clear that Dryden, instead of leading his age, as his genius entitled him to do, contented himself with following after contemporary thought and defending outworn modes of expression because of his employment of them. Though a man of great ability in controversy, he lacked the singleness of aim and the courage to maintain his opinion which mark a real thinker. Born between two epochs, he had not the will to accept either. Instead, though he leaned in his

³ *Defense of the Essay*.

⁴ Preface to *Mock Astrologer*, 1668.

heart to the spacious days of great Elizabeth, he felt himself forced to admit as authoritative critical canons not congenial to his temper, merely because he was incapable of opposition. In the sense that he was not true to his own mental life and that he never found tasks commensurate with his powers, Dryden stands out as one of the really pathetic figures in our literature.

PERCY H. HOUSTON.

University of Texas.

AN AMERICAN BOOK-SHELF

The kingdom of art, like the Kingdom of Heaven, cometh not by observation. The labored vaticinations of criticism, the patriotic prophecies of provinciality, lamentably fail to deliver the goods which all willingly, expectantly, await. Candor compels the confession that America is now in the trough of that wave of creative impetus, the crests of which touch at once the past and the future. It is blind loyalty to a mistaken ideal which dictates the affirmation that America has yet given to the world a literature primitively and originally distinctive of our national life. Poe was a world-genius, who still moves to creative reflections artistic effort in all lands; but he was a denizen of a No-Man's Land of the imagination, strangely unrelated to the soil from which he sprang. Whitman was a prophet of the new time—a bold, frank spirit who previsited a cosmic dream of democratic art; but his own art was the splendid tentative of an undeveloped Titan. Cooper stirred the imagination of Europe with his finely projected presentment of that most romantic figure of American origin, the Red Man; but it was the stunning novelty of the aboriginal figure, cradled in the primitive conditions of barbaric freedom, rather than any novel mode of presentment, which caught and enthralled the fancy of an over-civilized and over-governed Europe. Mark Twain set up the great cosmic laugh of good humor which still echoes round the world; but even the most loyal American cannot deny that he was primitive, crude, deficient in culture. An American type combining culture with picturesqueness, security with self-reliance, desire it as we may, still awaits the imprimatur of international recognition.

The intensive diligence, the microscopic observation, so indispensable for the writing of history, whether of literature or of national life, are qualities which yet remain to be developed and matured on this continent. The histories of many states of the Union yet remain to be written; for in such states the chosen units of historical observation were not sufficiently small. Books about these states have been written; but their quintes-

sential defect is that, while adequately related to the Union of which they constitute a unit, they are not adequately related to the units from which they have been integrated. The same phenomenon confronts one in regard to the history of the United States as a whole. There is no such history; none has ever been written. For such a structure, many of the links are missing; or they are so imperfect, at least so warped, as to be of little value as building material. Even the larger units—the grand division, the sectional compartments, of the Union—remain incomplete and mayhap distorted; and so the larger structure yet remains unfinished—for the sheer lack of suitable structural stuff.

The same things must be said, with perhaps greater justice and appositeness, in regard to American literature. I know only one work on American literature which presents the literary contributions of America from the world point of view — *Die Amerikanische Literatur* of Professor Alphonso Smith — a work which, unfortunately, remains as yet unpublished in English. Yet even in this remarkable synthetic study, which suffers from limitations of space, there is no effort to build up a structure of American literature upon the foundation-stones of individual states. Such, indeed, was impossible; for America thus far presents no such record for the inspection of the literary historian. But already, we see the beginnings of this new form of *cultur-geschichte*. In the Introduction to *Kentucky in American Letters*,¹ Mr. James Lane Allen pertinently says:—

There must in time and in the natural course of events come about a complete marshalling of the American commonwealths, especially of the older American commonwealths attended each by its women and men of letters; with the final result that the entire pageant of our literary creativeness as a people will thus be exhibited and reviewed within those barriers and divisions, which from the beginning have constituted the peculiar genius of our civilization.

When this has been done, when the states have severally made their profoundly significant showing, when the evi-

¹ This work, in two volumes, by Mr. John Wilson Townsend, is published by the Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 1913.

dence up to some century mark is all presented, then for the first time we, as a reading and thoughtful self-studying people, may for the first time [sic] be advanced to the position of beginning to understand what as a whole our cis-Atlantic branch of English literature really is.

Such a valuable work, as this book prepared by Mr. Townsend, demanding relentless research and indefatigable patience, deserves to receive, and has already received from many quarters, unstinted praise. Not that Mr. Townsend, for all the hard and fast lines he claims to draw, does not occasionally transgress in matters of inclusion and exclusion. Not that critical commentaries of some two hundred writers, all written by the same man, do not occasionally err on the score of extravagance and panegyric. Not that, from the standpoint of national rather than of sectional literature, Mr. Townsend has not tended to sacrifice quality in favor of quantity. Many of the writers, to be sure, "owe their eminence to the flatness of the surrounding country." Yet, after all is said, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Townsend has produced work of a sort that should serve as an incentive in every state in the Union. With essays on tendencies and movements, and on types of literature; with a critical apparatus less animated by the mere touch-and-go of journalism; with higher and more restricted standards of inclusion—the work might have served, not only as an incentive, but also as a model.

Another book, of a sort unique in its way, is a little volume entitled, interrogatively, *What Can Literature Do For Me?*² I maintain that this book should have a colossal sale—a sale in the hundreds of thousands at least, if not in the millions. For it does—and does so unobtrusively well that we scarcely realize the extreme difficulty of the task—something that few books, of any sort, succeed in doing: it makes literature immediately accessible to the average boy and girl, to the average man and woman. America to-day is populated with a vast throng of people animated more or less vaguely, more or less consciously, with aspirations for what they glibly term "culture" with a C. There

² By C. Alphonso Smith. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 1913.

are small publics, here and there — in this state or in that section — which “furnish the culture”; but there is one colossal public exclusive of these restricted publics consisting of people who want a “royal road to knowledge.” There is no royal road to knowledge; but along that route — the great highway of humanity — which leads to the life of art, of literature, of culture, of the spirit, how sadly do we need the frequent sign-post, the critical *Nota Bene*, which shall tell us the How, the Why, and the Where, in the course of the great adventure! With the spontaneous eagerness of the born guide, the infectious enthusiasm of one who passionately loves his task, this author has written for the average person a little Baedeker of the Spirit. In answer to the question which he has himself proposed, What can literature do for you? he replies simply, freshly, with a wealth of rich sentiment. And his reply is full, varied, complete: It can give you an outlet; It can keep before you the vision of the ideal; It can give you a better knowledge of human nature; It can restore the past to you; It can show the glory of the commonplace; It can give you the mastery of your own language. I feel like saying—I do say—to everyone who has not abundant leisure but who wishes to be ushered into the charmed circle of acquaintanceship with the best that has been thought and felt and said in the world, read *What Can Literature Do For Me* — correctly described as “a book for anyone who would like to read profitably and wisely; a book for everyone who seeks a definite, tangible help in everyday life from the masterpieces of all time.” And I should like to point out that the author of this little book has done more than anyone else to make internationally current the monumental work of Joel Chandler Harris. In his *Die Amerikanische Literatur*, a work of 368 pages, he devotes twenty-three pages to Harris. A significant illustration of the example thus set is afforded by Dr. Leon Kellner’s *Geschichte der Nord-Amerikanischen Literatur*,³ which devotes more than six pages out of ninety-three pages, in volume two, to the subject of Joel Chandler Harris. And this as the direct influence of Professor Smith’s lectures at the University of Berlin.

³ Sammlung Götschen, Berlin and Leipzig. 2 vols. 1913.

The most entirely hopeful prospect for the development of literature in this country opens before us in the field of the drama. America is the home of the pioneer and the pioneering spirit. Indeed, it is this spirit which may be regarded, from the national point of view, as the most significant and distinctive feature of our historic life. It is tremendously significant, I think, that now, for the first time, America puts forth certain epochal suggestions in the field of the drama. Conceiving play-writing to be an art which must be learned, and which therefore is capable of being taught, the American college professor has inaugurated the teaching of the modern, of the contemporary, drama in the universities and colleges of the United States. This has given to the drama in this country, as Mr. Archer recently put it, an "academic impulse." While he maintains that our headlong cosmopolitanism is not wholly beneficial to the academic drama, he nevertheless admits that the academic impulse is "important and productive of good"—an amiable concession from the spokesman of a country which, in this matter, is notably behind the United States. "Its ultimate fruitfulness," remarks Mr. Archer in *The New Statesman* (London), "no one can predict; but at all events it is creating an educated public, not yet very effective financially, but making itself distinctly felt."

The other notable contribution to the sociology of modern drama is the organization, now in the fourth year of its existence, of the Drama League of America. For three years under the able leadership of Mrs. A. Starr Best, this organization at its last annual convention elected for the new president Dr. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota. Aside from the ordinary routine of drama study, the publication of bulletins, bibliographies, and guides, and a really notable magazine, *The Drama*, this organization devotes its principal efforts in the larger cities towards reporting on all plays of importance, through a committee appointed to attend the productions, and then issues bulletins endorsing those which deserve encouragement because they measure up to certain standards.

Dr. Burton's career—as poet, essayist, lecturer, university professor, and, if I may say so, as broad-gauged humanist—

eminently fits him for this important position, the head of an organization now numbering upwards of 100,000 members, with centres not only in such great cities as Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, but also in many smaller cities and in towns scattered throughout the United States. What imparts peculiar fitness to Dr. Burton's selection just at this time is the recent appearance of his book, *The New American Drama*.⁴

A few years ago there appeared a book from the pen of the facile and ready writer, Mr. Montrose J. Moses, entitled *The American Dramatist*. This book, excellent on the biographical and bibliographical sides, is lacking in those sharp contrasts of light and shade which inevitably bespeak true critical perspective. Dr. Burton's book may accurately be described as the first book yet to appear dealing in a large, authoritative, and adequate way with the movement of the drama in this country. It is an unbiased appraisal of its values, and a cosmopolitan judgment rendered upon its contribution. But, welcome as these things are, this book is something more: a book about the drama in general, its place in modern, and in especial American, life. The basic principles, and also the vital impulses, of all drama are brought home to us on every page of the book. And I do not exaggerate when I say that if anyone wishes to grasp the most healthy modern conception of drama in general, its democratic note, its rôle in education, its larger social mission—one can find all this admirably and sanely set forth in Dr. Burton's fascinating book. It may be that, with all good will to put America's best foot foremost, Dr. Burton ranks too high certain productions which perhaps might not receive mention were he writing of British drama, for example. Yet I personally side with Dr. Burton in this matter; for I feel most strongly that we shall not greatly advance in the art of play-writing until we, here in America, know just what we have done,—the weak and ineffective as well as the popular and the successful,—and so be enabled to measure our product alongside of the best that has been, and is being done, in the contemporary period. For, at bottom, I cannot but feel that it is our provinciality rather than

⁴Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 1913.

our lack of talent and genius, our failure to realize the prime import of idea in drama rather than our lack of ideas, which seriously retard the progress and higher advance of the American playwright. So long as the American public, by and large, prefers ingenuity to intellectuality, technic to content, novelty to depth, so long will our theatre continue to be merely the gilded temple of the money-changers. We shall not have, here in America, a drama which shall be a clearing-house for the larger American ideas and ideals of our century until we understand, in all meaning and in all bare revelation, the intellectual poverty of the drama which America has thus far furnished forth to the world. With all its optimistic outlook, its cheering attitude, Dr. Burton's book gives to the thinking reader a greater hopefulness—that we cannot become greater until we realize in cold blood how far short of greatness our American drama remains.

As testimony to the notable awakening of interest in the drama throughout America, may be cited several recent works, of varying subject and merit. *The Romance of the American Theatre*⁵ is properly described as a "romantic account of playhouses, plays, and players." It is distinctly a "popular" book for the "general reader"—containing a great deal of information, loosely arranged, and much more about actors and acting than about the theatre and the drama. It is a fair specimen of that rapidly multiplying series of books in both England and America—books of all types and subjects, without any sense of perspective or arrangement, mildly interesting, not unpleasingly anecdotal. Two new books about the drama, by American writers, exhibit the real needs set up in the United States by the "academic impulse" toward drama, and the fostering of popular interest in the drama as an art, rather than as a mere trade, on the part of such organizations as the Drama League of America and the American Pageant Association. One is the slight and boyish performance, rather neatly carried through, to which has been given the extravagantly imposing title *The Drama To-Day*.⁶ The author expresses himself with commend-

⁵ By Mary Caroline Crawford. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1913.

⁶ By Charlton Andrews. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1913.

able conciseness; and displays much dexterity in rapid-fire appraisal. His generalities about the drama are rather better done than usual; and his youthful dogmatism is refreshing. Distinctly a book for one who has the very slightest knowledge of the principles of the drama and of the movement which is so characteristic a symptom of to-day. It is, I dare say, quite as important for works of this sort to appear — first aids to the ignorant man-in-the-street—as for searching estimates of modern movements and tendencies to come from American presses—stimulants to creative and critical advance. A useful and workmanlike hand-book, particularly valuable for clubs, is *The Continental Drama of To-Day*, by Barrett H. Clark.¹ The sub-title accurately expresses the book's real object: "Outlines for Its Study"—i.e. for the study of the continental drama. The introduction, entitled "What Constitutes a Play," is clear and well expressed; but singularly imitative and inconclusive. The subject has not been thought through; and the opinions of others, whether just or not, weigh with extravagant disproportion to Mr. Clark's own views. Twenty-four dramatists are considered, from a single point of view; and the amount of information compressed in brief space is quite remarkable. A sketch of the dramatist (often, unfortunately, having all the earmarks of mechanical condensation from secondary sources), a list of his works, a study outline of one or more of his representative dramas, and brief yet useful bibliographical apparatus — this is the business-like and effective method of treatment. A thoroughly American piece of work: imitative, handy, compact, business-like, useful.

After criticism, creation—rightly or wrongly, that is the order I shall follow. And it gives me unusual pleasure to testify to my deep satisfaction in the "discovery" of Stark Young. Of course, Young was there all the time; but—*mea culpa!*—I didn't know it — or at least not as I know it now, and, as I am sure, not as I shall know it even more poignantly later. For here is a creative spirit—fresh, original, earnest—whose things have not only had quite a run in California, but, more important still, have been praised by Edmund Gosse, by Josephine Preston Peabody, by rare spirits who know. *Addio, Madretta, and Other Plays*² is the volume before me; a volume sensitive to the

¹ Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1914.

² Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago. 1912.

deeper impulses of high and restrained art. *The Dead Poet* is the third part of a dialogue in three parts, upon which Mr. Young worked last spring in Italy—the first two parts to appear under the titles *The Dying Poet*, and *The Waiting Wood*. That fine actor, Mr. Ben Greet, was greatly impressed with *The Twilight Saint*; and Mr. Gosse found most of art, of sensibility, in *The Star in the Trees*. The warmth of Sicily burns through the tale of *Addio*; the hand of the true artist touches strongly and surely the chords of emotion. And New Orleans, the exotic, the foreign, furnishes ravishing *milieu* for this as well as magnetic incentive for the next play, *Madretta*—moving for its surges of primitive emotion, and for the miracles of emotive transformation. Simple feeling, pure expression—the universal in elemental terms—this betrays in Mr. Young a sense of art strangely rare in our business-like, industrialized, materialistic America. I am looking forward with ill-restrained eagerness to the appearance of Mr. Young's new work—a novel expressively titled *The New Wine*. The theme—suggested by the familiar biblical phrase—is one which will give full scope for Mr. Young's individual talent. We may be sure that it will be treated simply, intensely—with free play for the strongest emotions. We know already that Mr. Young can impart to us through the printed word a crying sense of the poignancy of life, the irony of rationality, the reaching out, the need, for human love, the passion, the pathos, and the dream.

For a long time, I have been waiting the opportunity to say something more about the young American dramatist whose plays, *Embers*, affected me so strangely some years ago. I wrote about them then—pleasingly conscious of their reserve, their masterly simplicity in technic, their sureness of expression, their really notable verisimilitude. Since that time I have read, with increasing admiration and growing faith, two other books by the same young artist—Mr. George Middleton. The first of these is *Tradition, and Other One-Act Plays*;^{*} which contains, in addition to the name-play, *On Bail*, *Their Wife*, *Waiting*, *The Cheat of Pity*, and *Mothers*. I am going to speak right out and say that *The Cheat of Pity*—for all its “theatricality”—is the most praiseworthy of all Mr. Middleton's short pieces. Because—it is alive and intense, by reason of this very

^{*} Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1913.

"theatricality" of which one ordinarily thinks in terms of depreciation. Mr. Middleton has instinctive sureness in the treatment of the normal streams of emotion, banked up always behind the dikes of convention and custom. His most striking qualities are quietude of workmanship and reserve in treatment. But at times his quietude comes perilously near to immobility, and his reserve barely escapes inexpressiveness. Mr. Middleton needs to let himself go—to give a free rein to the emotions of his characters, a wider sweep and a larger liberty. In his laudable desire to be untheatrical he has frequently succeeded in being undramatic. Our gratitude to him is great for awaking our national public to the importance and the potentiality of the one-act play. But we would have more color, more movement—the dull monotone tends to pall.

I think Mr. Middleton is beginning to attain to something like final sureness of treatment—as evidenced in his "contemporaneous comedy in three acts," entitled *Nowadays*. It is—though he doesn't mention it—a full-length picture of the conjunctures lightly hinted at in the one-act *Tradition*. I shall not stop to tell the story—which, like all Mr. Middleton's stories, is simplicity itself. But I take off my hat to a man who has dashed a dull monotone with splashes of fiery color, and changed still-life into vivid action and high spirit. The character drawing is unusually acute and penetrating. Into Diana Mr. Middleton has really put that "exhilarating freedom of outlook" which so many dramatists nowadays content themselves with merely stating in the stage directions! The currish Sam, garish type of the moral degeneration which American city life so gallopingly hastens, is neatly done to the finish; and Dawson himself only lacks an added touch of surly brutality to give dramatic coloring to the picture. This very restraint—this refusal by Mr. Middleton to load the dice for his sympathetic against his unsympathetic characters—is certainly one of his strongest titles to high praise. His characters are not puppets of the situation: his is the true dramatic instinct in projecting situations which are the inevitable resultants of a group of characters, clearly outlined, honestly treated. And if I were inclined to praise Mr. Middleton still further, I should be compelled to say that his is rare courage: to treat simple, normal human impulses simply and normally. He is not afraid of sentiment—the sentiment of that homespun but universal type

which we all are conscious of, but are careful enough to conceal! Mr. Middleton has shown courage, sincerity, and power. A little deeper substructure of problem, a more closely woven tissue of emotive complication, a more dramatic handling of his situations — and we may have, in his next long play, an instrument of cosmopolitan calibre and range.

I have recently been reading Sir Henry Arthur Jones's *Foundations of a National Drama*.¹⁰ And the lectures which he gave before Harvard and Yale universities, with their somewhat heavy-footed humor but very solid thought, contain an interesting prophecy of the rapidly approaching supremacy of America in world affairs—commerce, finance, industry. To-day, all the signs are set for a striking development in the United States in the domain of drama. Perhaps this is somewhat reluctantly expressed, or at least suggested, in the lecture, "Corner-Stones of Modern Drama":—

When I was in America last autumn after an absence of twenty years, I could not help feeling that I was in the presence of immense forces that are gradually shifting the foundations, and changing the drift of Anglo-American civilization. I could not help feeling that the sceptre of material prosperity is slipping from our hands into your vigorous, remorseless grasp. I could not help dreading that in a few generations the centre and seat of whatever curious system of Anglo-American civilization may then be current, will be irrevocably fixed on this side the Atlantic. . . . Granted that, in a short time as reckoned by the life of nations, we shall have to hand over to you, with what grace we may, the sceptre of material prosperity, shall we not still hold that other magic wand, shadowy, invisible, but more compulsive than sceptres of gold or iron—the sceptre of literary, intellectual and artistic dominion? Or will you wrest that also from us?

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

University of North Carolina.

¹⁰ George H. Doran Co., New York.

EDGAR GARDNER MURPHY: AN APPRECIATION*

Among those whose preparation for life was most closely associated with Sewanee, none, I think, has come nearer attaining national character than Edgar Gardner Murphy. Testimony to this has been abundantly given by those who were with him in the field of his active service. My own contribution can be made only from within,—from personal association with the man himself.

Edgar Murphy appeared first at Sewanee from West Texas in 1885, at the early age of sixteen. The impression of him at that time was that of a prematurely thoughtful boy, who had begun early to take himself and life very seriously. Associating with much older fellow-students, he was not long in establishing a right to his inclusion among them on terms of equality. At that time, as in his later development, he combined in an unusual degree the outward and the inward,—the actual and practical, with the speculative and reflective.

As a pupil I found him both sympathetic and critical. However receptive he might be at any time of my thought, he never failed to return it to me as much his own as mine. Among the influences that first drove me into publication I recall none

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—In connection with Dr. DuBose's "Appreciation," the following facts in regard to Edgar Gardner Murphy's career may be of interest: Born in Fort Smith, Arkansas, August 31, 1869, he studied in the University of the South during the years 1885 to 1889 and then spent one year at the General Theological Seminary. From 1890 to 1902 he was actively engaged in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. During this period he also found time to organize the Southern Society for the Consideration of Race Problems; and to act as Chairman of the Alabama Child Labor Committee. From 1901 to 1908 he was Secretary of the Southern Education Board; for a few years Vice-President of the Conference for Education in the South; and in 1904 organized the National Child Labor Committee. In this year he was granted the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Yale University, and in 1911 the University of the South awarded him the degree of D.C.L. He died in New York City June 23, 1913. The following books appeared from his pen: *Words for the Church*, 1896; *The Larger Life*, 1896; *Problems of the Present South*, 1904; *The Basis of Ascendancy*, 1909; and *A Beginner's Star-Book* (published under the pseudonym of Kelvin McKready), 1912.

more vividly than a certain most forceful letter from Edgar Murphy soon after his leaving Sewanee. There are many of my old pupils to whom I love to make acknowledgment: that I have ever published a volume was their doing as well as mine.

At the earliest canonical age he was ordained to the sacred ministry. During the next twelve years he held important charges in West Texas, Ohio, New York, and Alabama. During all this period I corresponded with him and read his occasional publications,—not only sermons addressed to his congregations, but papers on many subjects addressed to a wide public. In his last parish, at Montgomery, his interest was specially aroused on two great problems—the industrial problem, and the racial problem of the South; and as rector of a large parish with absorbing duties, he nevertheless found time and strength to organize the first great conference for the study of race problems, and to throw himself into the fight for child-labor legislation.

Then, in the midst of the successful and wholly acceptable charge of one of the most prominent congregations in the South, he resigned his rectorate to become Secretary of the Southern Education Board; and two years later his many friends and admirers were astounded and distressed by his withdrawal from the ministry of the Church.

What had happened in his inner life to lead to that step? We who followed him afterward could see that with Murphy himself there was no giving up either of his Christianity or of his ministry. He broke the trammels of what he felt to be limitations and restrictions in the ministry, in order to exercise that same ministry in a feer, more active, more needful way. He believed that the Christian ministry while ever keeping its mind upon eternal principles, should put its hands deeper down than it was doing into temporal and prevalent practice.

A very particular incident was sufficient with him to lead up to large and general considerations. Perhaps the actual spark that fired him was the early beginning of discussion in the Alabama Legislature of the question of child labor. His activities both within his parish and without brought him more and more

to the study of general social conditions. The impulse was upon him to throw himself into the midst of the fight, and — rightly or wrongly — he felt he could not do so effectively within the limitations of the ministry of the Church.

His work brought him into close personal touch with leading men, north and south, engaged in a common cause of purest philanthropy, and involved him in the deeper and more vexed questions of race relations and complications,—an unsolved problem over all the world. The conviction and testimony of his fellow-workers was that he was becoming not merely the personal reformer, but the scientist, the philosopher, the statesman, the prophet of the coming social revolution. Let me try to interpret what it was in himself that fitted him for this lofty mission.

Murphy had lived and exercised a ministry in many sections of our country; he was associated with persons and in causes fraternally Northern and Southern; but it was not due to that accident that he was national rather than sectional;—it was temperamentally impossible for him to be sectional. So, in dealing with the two races of the South, he was considering both, as profoundly and as wisely concerned for the one as for the other. He knew that it was even more necessary for the stronger that it should do justice than for the weaker that it should receive justice. Precisely the same principles he applied to all the seeming conflicts and actual disputes in the economic, industrial, and business interests of men. The claim for him, based on his papers and addresses, upon his published works, but even more upon the personal judgment of his associates, was this:—that he dealt with these great questions not theoretically but practically; not only practically but scientifically, not only scientifically but philosophically; and, finally not only as a philosopher but as a statesman. I would make an even further point in the statement of the claim and add:—that beyond all the others and inclusive of them, Mr. Murphy's attitude and action in all these great matters was truly, profoundly, and thoroughly Christian. In the lay eulogies to his memory it is recognized and testified that he brought into his civic labors not only the other benefits of his previous experience, but all the spiritual

wisdom and temper of a fruitful Christian ministry. It may be a very long time before the mind of Christ can be seen to be the wisdom and made the practice of the world, but every such career as that of Edgar Murphy brings that blessed consummation one step nearer.

He died at the age of forty-four; the last eight years of which were spent in retirement from active service. To see him at any moment of that time was to know that he was stricken with a mortal malady. But to be in touch with him, even occasional and brief, during this last period, afforded the final and fullest revelation of the man:— in his simple humanity as husband, father, and friend; as sage; and (in my heart I believe) as saint. He is not the least among those whom we shall account and enroll and commemorate as our "Worthies."

WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE.

Sewanee, Tennessee.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE MASTERS OF MODERN FRENCH CRITICISM. By Irving Babbitt, Professor of French Literature in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Here is a much more ambitious consideration of the greater French critics than we have yet had from an English or American author. Professor Harper has given us an essay on Sainte-Beuve, Miss Mary Fisher has treated some critics of the lesser order in her volume, *A Group of French Critics*, and there have been scattered articles in the reviews. The fact remains that this fertile domain of French literature has not attracted many Anglo-Saxon explorers. This book is the first effort to cover a wide and general field.

During the eighteen months that Professor Babbitt's work has been before the public it has received enthusiastic praise from the highest quarters. As one of our American-French friends says, "It is a most unusual book for an American." Within the past few months, however, the book has given rise to a spirited controversy between the author and Professor Joel E. Spingarn, the stormy petrel of metropolitan criticism, with the result as yet in doubt. The charge is that Professor Babbitt has substituted philosophical criteria for literary in judging the product of criticism. More picturesque is Professor Spingarn's theory that Professor Babbitt is a reincarnation of Brunetière. *Vae victis!*

The author has admitted only a limited list of critics to the category of masters, and all may be assigned to the nineteenth century: they are, Madame de Staël, Joubert, Chateaubriand, Cousin, Villemain, Nisard, Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Taine, Renan, and Brunetière. The general vote will approve this selection of masters, though each reader will no doubt wish to add some pet of his own in whom he prides himself on discerning special qualities. A similar qualification might be made as to the division of space. No one will quarrel with the author for allotting 92 pages out of 392 to Sainte-Beuve, or clapping Cousin, Villemain and Nisard into a single chapter, but some

would object to Brunetière's having only a little more space than Madame de Staël, since mastership is in question, and bulk, and stature; but such doubts may be the pure product of our myopia.

The author's unusual erudition in philosophy and the humanities which caused his *New Laokoon* (1910) to be hailed as a noteworthy essay, has been brought to bear again in this study of critics. He has not contented himself with attempting to trace the progress of modern French criticism, the sources and literary influences manifest in each author, but he has endeavored to go deeper into the fundamental philosophy that has actuated him. Thus scientific positivism accounts for Scherer, determinism for Taine, and humanitarian idealism for Brunetière. These soundings are worked out with great thoroughness.

We confess to a naïve bewilderment in the maze of philosophy and the shades of philosophy into which Professor Babbitt leads us at certain points in his book. There is perhaps too much emphasis, also, upon ethical and religious considerations. One may express doubt of the permanence of these categories. The author would apparently concede little of that open-mindedness which we like to believe is so strong a characteristic of the modern Frenchman, and particularly of the French critic.

It follows that questions of style concern the author only secondarily, if we may except his notable tribute to the rare finish of form attained by Renan. Yet the French, in their ambition to bring criticism to the level of the fine arts, have not only developed the content, but have perfected the form beyond any rivalry, and their supremacy here is conceded by none other than Matthew Arnold himself. Certainly the author's depreciation of Taine, for example, might have been tempered by some consideration of his style.

The chapters on Sainte-Beuve, whom Arnold ranked supreme in criticism as Homer ranks in poetry, are the core of the volume. The division, "Sainte-Beuve before 1848" and "Sainte-Beuve after 1848," is no doubt as good as any other manner of division of this rich and voluminous body of criticism. The development of Sainte-Beuve from militant romanticism, through none too consistent neutrality, towards the final wisdom of disillusion is

made very clear. A more incisive analysis of the manners and methods of Sainte-Beuve we have not yet seen. The fine paragraph which closes the discussion of Sainte-Beuve is well worth quoting in full:—

But though comparatively free from the illusions of his time, he had in the fullest measure its virtues. He is likely to be looked on more and more, in M. France's phrase, as the universal doctor, the Saint Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century; not as the greatest man of the century, but possibly as the most representative, the one who embodied most completely its aspiration towards horizontality, its magnificent widening out of knowledge and sympathy, and, some would add, its lack of adequate central aim. That so shrewd an observer as Sainte-Beuve could find no firm anchorage for the spirit in the movements peculiar to this century may in the long run turn out to be not to his discredit, but to the discredit of the century. It may become apparent that something was omitted in the whole nineteenth century view of life and that this something is the keystone of the arch.

Admirable discernment, again, marks the chapter on Renan, not only in the unfolding of the various phases through which Renan finally arrived at critical maturity, but in the examination of his influence upon contemporary thought. This influence, by the way, does not seem to have yet spent itself in our land, however much France may have recovered from it. No modern critic has been more "all things to all men" than Renan, appealing in his higher aspects to the intellectual élite of all nations, and in his dilettanteism to the mentally perverted and the morally corrupt.

In the admirably clear and logical exposition of Brunetière the author retrieves any indictment of complexity or irrelevancy that we may have found against him in earlier chapters. He gives the most plausible analysis of the true motives of Brunetière's extraordinary reversion to Catholicism in the later years of his life, finding these reasons in the humanitarian preoccupations of the critic, rather than in any belated epicureanism. Yet, after all, we might find these motives in the artistic susceptibility, the warmth and vivacity of the ardent French Catholic

of to-day, in no small degree found in Brunetière also, as contrasted with the scholarship, cold discrimination, and solidity of the French Protestant, as exemplified in Scherer.

The conclusion of the volume is not so much a summary of development undergone and progress made in French criticism in the late century as it is a consideration of the bearing of present-day critical standards on the trend of contemporary life throughout the world. After all, this is a bigger and better use for the concluding chapter. The author ends with a call for a critic who shall combine "the breadth and versatility and sense of differences of Sainte-Beuve with the elevation and insight and sense of unity of an Emerson"; not a great doctor of relativity like Renan, but rather "a critic who, without being at all rigid and reactionary, can yet carry into his work the sense of standards that are set above individual caprice and the flux of phenomena; who can, in short, oppose a genuine humanism to the pseudo-humanism of the pragmatists." A man "who should work as effectively for the right kind of concentration in our own day as Boileau did in the seventeenth century."

The volume closes with a valuable list of modern French critics, living and dead, with their chief works and brief facts pertaining to their careers, and an occasional estimate of values. This list is quite full, but omits a number of worthy men, notably some from the provinces.

BERT EDWARD YOUNG.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. *A Biographical Study*. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

A score of years has sped by since John Addington Symonds, the noted English critic, passed away. Shortly after his death his friend Horatio F. Brown published a biography which was compiled from Symonds's *Autobiography*, letters, and diaries. Now the present biographer has collected whatever material has come to light in the meanwhile and has presented it to the reader in a brief, simple, and engaging volume, attractively bound and unmarred by typographical errors.

Symonds established for himself a substantial place as a critic in the late Victorian literature, and his studies in the Rennais-

sance are universally read and esteemed. His *Renaissance in Italy* as a laborious undertaking challenged comparison with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, though the methods of the two authors were quite unlike. Symonds was not as profound, nor as discriminating a thinker as Gibbon, but probably possessed even more nervous energy and was more productive, having turned out twenty-five substantial volumes in the space of fourteen years. In view of the high character of his work, this is a remarkable accomplishment for a man suffering constantly from ill-health and forced by weak lungs to spend a good part of his life in the high altitude of the Alps where he was denied access to any large collection of books of reference. In that fine essay of Frederic Harrison, which is conceded to be the most satisfactory critique of Symonds, the noted English essayist says: "He [Symonds] has a wider and more erudite familiarity with the whole field of modern literature and art than had either Ruskin or Matthew Arnold. Indeed we may fairly assume that none of his contemporaries has been so profoundly saturated at once with classical poetry, Italian and Elizabethan literature, and modern poetry, English, French and German. Though Symonds had certainly not the literary charm of Ruskin, or Matthew Arnold, perhaps of one or two others among his contemporaries, he had no admitted superior as a critic in learning or in judgment."

The present volume deals chiefly with the literary labors of Symonds, but not to the exclusion of his association with his friends, such as Robert Louis Stevenson, Jowett, and a host of others. It is interesting to note Symonds's friendship for Walt Whitman, the Camden bard, whom he knew by reputation and admired for thirty years. Though the two authors never met or saw each other in the flesh, Whitman exercised a profound influence over Symonds, and his impression is contained in the *Study of Whitman*, which was published on the very day Symonds died.

To those who are familiar with his writings, but who have a very limited acquaintance with Symonds the man, this engaging Life will serve to make the eminent nineteenth century critic much better known, throughout his entire career, from his birth

in Bristol in 1840 to his death in Rome in 1893. Symonds had a checkered and rather pathetic career, and Mr. Brooks has told in a plain and straightforward manner the story of that fretful and roaming life. Incidentally, Mr. Brooks has written a book that the reviewer has read from cover to cover without finding a dull page in it.

EDWIN W. BOWEN.

A HISTORY OF MUHLENBERG COUNTY. By Otto A. Rothert. Louisville, Kentucky: John P. Morton & Company.

Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, established in 1798, out of parts of Christian and Logan Counties, lies just south of Green River, with Greenville as its county-seat. In Mr. Otto A. Rothert, who is a member of the Filson Club and other historical societies, Muhlenberg County has luckily found one who cares for the past, and who has devoted time and money to preserve for later generations the details as to the settlement and development of the county which can now be gathered. Mr. Rothert writes, "The records of the County and Circuit Court from the beginning have been preserved in the courthouse at Greenville, and in all probability will always be preserved. I have, therefore, made no attempt to write a history based principally on these ever-available records, but have confined my work as much as possible to collecting the now-vanishing traditions, and to presenting the less available material." It is to be hoped that Mr. Rothert's optimism as to the imperishableness of these county records may long prove justified,—at least until these records have been printed. "A few of the traditions," writes the author further, "have almost as many versions as they are years old. Where various versions are in circulation, I have accepted the one that in my opinion seemed the most authentic." For this frank statement, students of history will thank Mr. Rothert, as it shows what they are to expect and what they are not to expect in his work. The volume is profusely illustrated, and these pictures constitute one of the valuable features of the work, which in general is much superior to the average county history. One notes with particular pleasure the absence of the usual stuffing of biographical matter paid for by the persons thus honored.

ST. GEORGE L. SIOUSSAT.

ADVANCED AMERICAN HISTORY. By S. E. Forman. New York: The Century Company. 1914. pp. xiv+634.

This is decidedly one of the best text-books on American history which have yet appeared. According to the author, the three great aspects of our growth as a nation are, first, the forces of civilization pressing ever westward upon the wilderness; second, American conquests and inventions in the economic world; and third, American ingenuity working out new solutions of the problems of government. In dealing with the first of these aspects, the author has not failed to bring out all that is picturesque and dramatic in pushing back the frontier until it has vanished from our midst. More space is devoted to this westward movement, to the life of the settlers, to the public land system, and to frontier problems than in any other similar small text-book we know of. Maps, diagrams, and pictures aid the description. Under the second aspect, social and economic betterment, the author gives us a capital short history of American civilization. Finally, the author's experience as a writer on civics has well equipped him to present clearly to the student the working out of popular rule down to the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Commission System. In the unfolding of his story Mr. Forman possesses in unusual degree the art of lucid and orderly presentation. The book is well equipped with maps and with illustrations. References and suggestions for independent work follow each chapter, as well as a list of books for special reading. The index is good and full.

S. L. WARE.

PUBLIC OPINION AND POPULAR GOVERNMENT. By A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. 1913. pp. xiv+415.

President Lowell takes as his text for the discussion of political problems which is embodied in this book a fundamental principle of modern popular government. That is to say, he considers "the conduct of public affairs in accord with a public opinion which is general, although not universal, and which implies under certain conditions a duty on the part of the minority to submit" (pp. 7-8). In the amplification of this text

the work is divided into four parts, which successively deal with the Nature of Public Opinion, the Formation of Parties, the Methods of Expressing Public Opinion, and the Regulation of Matters upon which Public Opinion Cannot Directly Apply,—i.e., representation “by sample,” expert administration, and the “control and recruiting of experts.”

Of necessity the first two parts are largely theoretical; but their subjects, the nature of public opinion and the function of parties, are treated with a breadth of vision and a strength and clarity of purpose that make them models of the art of exposition. The remainder of the book is more practical, and practical in such a way that it well would serve as a bible for the political guidance of many of the departments of our national and state administrations to-day. What a blessing it might prove to our government, if some of our confident and jocund “statesmen” only would read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it! The author clearly shows the difference between actual government and so-called “practical politics.”

Readers of the previous writings of President Lowell have learned long ere this that they may expect to find brilliant scholarship and a wealth of suggestion embodied in his work, and to them this new volume will not be a disappointment. It must appeal first of all to the student of political science, who will find in compact form a clear analysis of the relation between public opinion and government. Also it will prove to be invaluable to the general reader, for from this work he will receive great help in the understanding and the appreciation of a democratic form of government and the problems involved in its successful working. In support of this statement it is only necessary to mention the fact that the various problems of representative government, as well as much new and popular instruments for the expression of public opinion, of the initiative and referendum, are treated in a thorough and comprehensive manner without a shade of partisan bias or prejudice.

In this connection a brief quotation will show the spirit in which the book is written: “There are said to be monkeys in Africa so imitative that they copy faithfully the huts of men, and then live outside of them instead of inside. Political imitation

is not free from this danger of copying the obvious, while failing to perceive the essential in the working of a foreign government" (pp. 280-281). The volume furnishes an important and most valuable addition to the "American Citizen Series," of which it is a part.

WM. STARR MYERS.

ANCIENT GREECE: A SKETCH OF ITS ART, LITERATURE, AND PHILOSOPHY, VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH ITS EXTERNAL HISTORY FROM EARLIEST TIMES TO THE AGE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By H. B. Cotterill. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The writer states in his preface that he has essayed to give, by means of description, illustration, and quotation, a compendious history of Greece from earliest times. Such an undertaking is obviously wellnigh colossal, and one is not surprised, therefore, that the work bulks 483 pages—bulks so large, in fact, as to be rather unwieldy for practical purposes. The comprehensive character of the volume will be revealed by a glance at the titles of its nine chapters: I. The Ægean Civilization; The Achaean Supremacy. II. The Dark Age. III. From the First Olympiad to Peisistratus. IV. The Age of Peisistratus. V. The Persian Invasions. VI. The Rise of the Athenian Empire. VII. The Peloponnesian War. VIII. The Spartan and the Theban Supremacy. IX. The Rise of Macedonia; Philip and Alexander. Sections bearing on the contemporary life, literature, and art of the Greeks are appended after each chapter. At the end are brief chapters on Greek Temples, Dress, Coins, and Vases.

The whole book is a very good example of recent tendencies to restore and interpret the ancient past through the medium of its various recorded activities, whether in its literature or on its monuments and other archæological remains. Thus, in each chapter, we have, as it were, a conic section of Greek life, with its divers streaks of science, art, philosophy, poetry, politics, religion, war, social customs, and what not. The effect of this effort at coördination of material is sometimes confusing and even bewildering, especially as the writer has allowed himself in places to ramble, anticipate, and double back. But what has been sacrificed of orderly statement and presentation has been offset, in part at least, by the gain in the impression produced of

the organic character of Greek life and achievement. An immense amount of information, too, has been assembled, and no one can come away from the reading of the book without a fuller mind and a larger view of a great people of antiquity. And while it cannot be described as scientific in its method and execution, as a popular work it will have a place. It is not strictly history, though it follows the general historical lines; it is certainly not a hand-book of literature, though it deals with all the great names and masterpieces of Greek literature; it cannot be called a manual of Greek art and sculpture, though it gives one a very good idea of the famous sculptors and artists of ancient Greece; it is no one of these in particular—it is in fact an attempt at a broad view of Greek life through the combined medium of all these, in so far as they may be made to serve that ambitious purpose.

The style is free and easy, but in view of the ground to be gone over it is often too leisurely and discursive. The recital of facts known to every schoolboy becomes here and there a little tedious, but a sprightliness of manner not infrequently turns up to relieve the work from the suggestion of dullness, and there are flashes of spirit, reaches of vision, more than once, that will hardly fail to stimulate and even inspire the reader. The estimates of the great writers are various, some admirable, some not altogether discriminating, but in general usually sympathetic and fair. A right sense of proportion has not always been observed, but the author is to be commended in that he seeks throughout to subordinate the symbols to the greater realities for which they stand.

One of the admirable features of the book is its large number of excellent plates and illustrations. The print is all that could be desired, and several good chronological tables and other lists, together with an index, contribute materially to the practical value of the work. On the whole, for one who wishes to get a broad outlook on the entire field of the wonderful life and thought and activity of the ancient Greeks and to acquire a general cultural background for the appreciation of Greek art and literature, the book will not be a disappointment and may be read with profit.

A. W. McWHORTER.

WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT O' THE WINDOW. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerly Company.

The publishers of this latest novel from the pen of Mr. Merrick assure us that Mr. J. M. Barrie looks forward to the appearance of a novel by this author as "one of the events of the year." Let it be said at once that the reviewer fails to share the eagerness of the Scotch novelist, even though the flitting ghosts of *Little Ministers* and of *Peter Pans* make the disagreement somewhat daring. With this much off our minds and with the further reservation that there is hardly a single passage of any length in the book that we should not be disappointed to discover in a "classical" author, we may settle down to the enjoyment of a breezy novel of some power and dexterity, but of little apparent genius.

The story itself runs along easily, it is true, and we do not tire of it until the last paragraph, and then only because of the impossibly happy ending. But this is no real cause for quarrel, as most of the six best sellers of the present day mingle purest romance and direst realism until one's head swims. And who can say that this queer synthesis is not, after all, the truest to life?

It is quite certain that Meenie Weston had enough of the tragedy of living before Ralph Lingham romantically rescued her from the French cabaret stage. The fact that he was a novelist without money led both to their early marriage and soon thereafter to Meenie's return to the chorus girl's life, in order to support herself and help out Ralph. The latter had too much pride to submit magnanimously to such an arrangement, and so the second tragic period of the tale is brought about with the separation of the pair. Here the reader cries "Enough!" But Mr. Merrick is not satisfied until he brings Meenie to the height of fame on the musico-comic stage (with Meenie Weston belts all the rage in New York), and until Ralph, through Meenie's unsuspected mediation, has sprung into the limelight as a first-class dramatist. The two, who have never really ceased to love one another, meet and have a reconciliation, and live more happily, we hope, ever after.

W. S. RUSK.

PRINCETON. By V. L. Collins. American University and College Series. New York: Oxford University Press.

"It is hoped that this book may not only serve to give a clearer impression of Princeton to readers whom no tie binds to the University, but that in its pages Princetonians themselves, who have lived their little while here, may find a portrayal, which shall not seem to them too inadequate, of their alma mater's history, her moods, and her endeavors."

Professor Collins thus aptly expresses his purpose in writing a new history of Princeton, the first complete chronicle of the college since Maclean's authoritative work of nearly forty years ago. Appearing shortly after Dean Keppel's Columbia volume, the first of the new series of college histories, it maintains the high standard set by the initial work and augurs well for the many volumes promised in the near future. As a chance afforded serious teachers before taking stock, as it were, of the achievements and the failures of American higher education, the series should prove invaluable.

Returning to the volume in hand, let it be said at once that the author has succeeded admirably in reaching the goal he set for himself in the paragraph quoted above. With a college like Princeton, which for at least the first century and a half (and many would hope for the next century as well) has been a home of mellowed traditions, where the aim has been to train men rather than tireless experts, and where a care-free atmosphere and a whole-hearted love of the truth have not been cramped by the staggering effect of a labyrinthine curriculum; in such a case, I say, our author has rightly emphasized the ideals and the genius of the place, rather than the organization and the special work of the various departments.

And a brilliant story the history of Princeton makes. America could have ill afforded the loss of such names as John Witherspoon, Joseph Henry, James McCosh, Arnold Guyot, Woodrow Wilson, all of whom did their maturest work at Nassau Hall. Nor could the thousands of graduates who have left the ivy-covered walls of Princeton have taken their prominent positions in the political, professional, and business worlds without having caught some of the magical inspiration that Mr. Collins describes.

The more practical side of the book, however, has not been neglected. The growth of the Princeton curriculum is shown in considerable detail, a solid classical or liberal basis having always been the prerequisite to advanced specialization of any kind. We also learn of the new Princeton where, founded on the tried experiments of the past, a Graduate College of magnificent proportions has arisen. The new system of honors courses, the proposed increase in the efficiency in the technical courses, and the addition of new departments of agriculture and of mining engineering are also touched on. In short, Princeton is not resting on her laurels, but only on its time-honored ivy, and that merely to the extent of cutting slips and replanting them on newer steps and loftier towers.

W. S. RUSK.

SONGS AND POEMS. By Martin Schütze. Chicago: The Laurentian Publishers. 1914.

AT THE SHRINE, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Herbert Clarke. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

As one annually listens to the manifold music of the lyric year, one is constrained to wonder at the variety of its metrical invention. Into the chorus enter voices that have been attuned to the numbers of Whitman and Tagore, not to speak of echoes of the virile romanticism of Alfred Noyes and the *volkstümlich* energy and directness of Masfield. But among these innumerable verse-smiths with their often admirable craftsmanship, how many may be said to strictly meditate the muse? Has there ever been a time when poetic license was more generally allowed or more deliberately championed? With due praise to the carefully tutored talent of the present laureate, one often feels that the latter-day practisers of the poetic profession need above all to respect the rigors of the game.

The poets whose work we have here to consider do not profess poetry alone. They are members respectfully of the faculties of the University of Chicago and the University of Tennessee. There is something academic—shall we say scholastic?—about the work of one of them, we are tempted to declare. In his *Songs and Poems* Mr. Schütze displays a restless spirit of ingenuity which finds a home more easily in his epigrams than in

his lyrics, and which somewhat harshly denies his reader those consolations that it has been the traditional privilege of poetry to furnish. We glimpse on his pages little or nothing that rests the eye and his lines are often unmusical. As a result his verses have frequently left us fagged and desolate in spite of their moral earnestness. For if anyone doubts that Mr. Schütze is strong in the noble parts he should ponder the sober—the Hebraic—wisdom of the *Discourses* and read the lyric of faith entitled *The Division*.

From the South there comes in the verses of George Herbert Clarke a more musical product. Lacking the gnomic quality of Professor Schütze's poetry it is clearly better than that in rhythm and rhetoric. The high-water mark of the volume is the title-poem. The purity of sentiment that is here and elsewhere expressed persuades us that Mr. Clarke's verses, while exhibiting considerable metrical variety, are not mere exercises. They express—here and there in what seem to be transcripts of personal experience—much of the pathos and the sad perplexity of life. If one reads with the delicately phrased poems just alluded to, those which are addressed to his dog and his sonnets on dead authors, one will get a fair impression of the readiness and range of his sympathies. Happily his pages, like those of Professor Schütze, are not soiled by that cynicism and despair in which many poets sought their inspiration two decades ago.

H. S. V. JONES.

COURTLY LOVE IN CHAUCER AND GOWER. Harvard Studies in English, Volume I. By William George Dodd. Boston: Ginn & Company.

Chaucer's subtle and charming Criseyde has been the subject of a controversy not incomparable with that about the Prince of Denmark. Was the erring heroine a designing adventuress or a pure and unsuspecting girl betrayed by an unscrupulous uncle? Was her unfaithfulness to her first lover attributable to moral disintegration following her fall? The most important part of Mr. Dodd's book is an illuminating discussion of this problem. The writer insists that *Troilus and Criseyde* must be read and interpreted as a poem of courtly love: that hero and heroine are

conventional courtly lover and mistress; and that the question of morality is merely one of obedience or disobedience to the laws of the court of love. The result is, in the main, a vindication of Criseyde, of Troilus, and even of Pandarus. Perhaps one weakness of Mr. Dodd's method is that, being restricted to the courtly love element, it leads to extreme conclusions. Besides this contribution to the Criseyde question, the book contains a valuable, though not particularly original, treatment of courtly love before Chaucer, and a relatively unimportant discussion of courtly love in the work of Gower.

H. L. C.

CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES AND THE CHANGE OF NAME. By the Rev. Randolph H. McKim. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

This work, born of the period of ecclesiastical agitation just preceding the latest General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, gives evidence on nearly every page of the seriousness of the conflict waged over the issue involved. Dr. McKim shows—and the advocates of the change of name admit—that the nominal change to "The American Catholic Church" means but the beginning of the thorough reinstallation of mediæval theology and practice in the Church. *Catholic Principles and the Change of Name* combats this programme with a demonstration of the non-catholicity of the tenets and practices that the neo-Catholics desire to introduce. This has been done before; the value of Dr. McKim's presentation lies in its directness, plainness, and force. Whatever one's personal convictions may be in the matter, one cannot resist the feeling that for Dr. McKim there are no "two ways": Christianity as a divine institution is Protestant.

R. I. R.

Yearly Subscription, \$2

Single Number, 50 cents

The Sewanee Review

Quarterly

EDITED BY

JOHN M. McBRYDE, JR.



October, 1914

- I. *A Spanish Novelist* GRANT SHOWERMAN
- II. *Syndicalism in the Light of History* ELBRIDGE COLBY
- III. *The Organisation of Literary Study* LOUIS JAMES BLOCK
- IV. *Natural Law and the State* H. MERIAN ALLEN
- V. *Reminiscences of the Civil War by a Confederate Staff Officer (Fifth Paper)* A. R. H. RANSON
- VI. *Minority Rule* EDGAR EUGENE ROBINSON
- VII. *The Inconsistency of John Dryden* PERCY H. HOUSTON
- VIII. *An American Book-Shelf* ARCHIBALD HENDERSON
- IX. *Edgar Gardner Murphy: An Appreciation*
WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE
- X. *Book Reviews*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.

London Agency: 39 Paternoster Row, E. C.

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors to the October Review

GRANT SHOWERMAN, a well-known essayist, is a Professor of Latin in the University of Wisconsin.

ELBRIDGE COLBY is a Fellow in Columbia University.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK, Principal of the John Marshall High School, Chicago, is the author of *The World's Triumph*, a play, and of several volumes of verse and prose.

H. MERIAN ALLEN, a frequent contributor to the REVIEW, is an attorney-at-law in Philadelphia.

A. R. H. RANSON makes his home in Catonsville, Maryland.

EDGAR EUGENE ROBINSON is a Professor of History in Leland Stanford Junior University.

PERCY H. HOUSTON is a member of the faculty of the University of Texas.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, author of a comprehensive biography of Bernard Shaw, of a life of Mark Twain, and of various studies of recent European dramatists, and well known as a critic, is a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina.

WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE, author of numerous theological works, is a professor emeritus in the University of the South.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., of *The Sewanee Review*, published Quarterly at Sewanee, Tennessee, required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912: Editor, John M. McBryde, Jr., Sewanee, Tenn.; Business Manager, James C. Preston, Sewanee, Tenn.; Publisher, University Press, Sewanee, Tenn.; Owner, The University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., a corporation; no stock issued. No bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders. (Signed) JAS. C. PRESTON, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1914.

(Signed) D. L. VAUGHAN, Notary Public.

(SEAL)

My commission expires Oct., 1916.

Germany and the Next War

By GENERAL FRIEDRICH VON BERNHARDI. Translated by ALLEN H. POWLES. *Cheaper edition.* Crown 8vo. \$1.00 *net.*

This much-discussed book presents a clear commentary on the German attitude in the European war and is singularly prophetic of the methods and aims of the German army leaders in their attacks on Belgium and France. General Bernhardt frankly avows the doctrine that Germany must, regardless of the rights and interests of other peoples, fight their way to predominance, and force upon humanity German culture and spirit, having proved themselves the ruling people by the power of their arms and loftiness of their ideas. In the author's view the only alternatives before the German Empire are "World Power" or "Decline and Fall." The cynicism with which he accepts Machiavellian doctrines is remarkable, and he maintains that history shows that "wars which were produced of deliberate intent with statesmanlike insight had the happiest results." War all round is contemplated with equanimity: war with England; France to be completely overthrown; the permanent neutrality of Belgium ridiculed; the Balance of Power in Europe must be deliberately destroyed. Two chapters are allotted to the coming naval war with England, which are of great interest.

Municipal Life and Government in Germany

By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON, Author of "The Evolution of Modern Germany," "Germany and the Germans," etc. With Appendices. 8vo. Pp. xvi+507. \$3.75 *net.* (Weight, 34 oz.)

This book is an expression of municipal government in practice, and is based on first-hand study and observation. Beginning with chapters setting forth the organization of German town governments, and the wide and almost limitless administrative powers enjoyed by them, the author reviews the most important departments of local administration, land policies, town planning, housing policies, public health and sanitation, poor relief, education and culture, including the schools and the theatre, social welfare endeavors, trading enterprises, finance, local taxation, etc. The book shows the German towns engaged in activities so multifarious, that the author asks the question, whether in our country, we yet understand what true self-government means.

The Confederation of Europe

By WALTER ALISON PHILLIPS, M.A., Author of "Modern Europe," etc. \$2.50 *net.* (Weight, 28 oz.)

A study of the European Alliance, 1813-1823, as an experiment in the International Organization of Peace. Six Lectures delivered in the University Schools, Oxford, at the invitation of the Delegates of the Common University Fund, Trinity Term, 1913.

George the Third and Charles Fox

The Concluding Part of "The American Revolution."

By the RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Bart., O.M. 2 Vols. 8vo. Vol. II. With Map. \$2.25 *net.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers.

THE South Atlantic Quarterly

Subscription, \$2.00 a year; single copies, Fifty Cents.

RECENT CONTRIBUTORS:

William Garrott Brown, Governor Jos. W. Folk, Daniel Coit Gilman, Hamilton W. Mabie, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., Bliss Perry, Edwin A. Alderman, Chas. Forster Smith.

"Precisely the sort of periodical of which our country stands in the greatest need."—*The Dial* (Chicago).

"The discussion to which the South Atlantic Quarterly has so far invited its readers is of a very high order in point of candor, dignity, care as to facts and intellectual independence. It is also, it may be remarked—though this was to be expected—of a literary excellence quite up to the level of like discussions either here or in England."—*New York Times*.

"The South Atlantic Quarterly is representative of the intellectual and economic vigor that characterizes the new South. It is edited with marked catholicity and breadth of vision. Indeed, its point of view is national rather than sectional, but its appeal is made with peculiar force to Southern men. By supporting such a periodical as this the South is demonstrating its loyalty to the highest national ideals."—ALBERT SHAW, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*.

"The South Atlantic Quarterly gives to the South an opportunity for expression on all the great questions of the day. The Northern reader is able through its pages to inform himself as to the life, thought and aspirations of the Southern people. The editors are rendering a great service to all sections of our country."—J. H. KIRKLAND, Chancellor, Vanderbilt University.

"The South Atlantic Quarterly is one of the most interesting and significant periodicals in our country. It not only has a distinct literary and critical value of its own, but it has a representative quality, standing for an intelligent and loyal effort to express the spirit and aims of the South in developing its old ideals and traditions under the new conditions which have arisen since the Civil War, and in applying the principles of reason and the results of culture to the consideration of the problem which the Southern people have to solve."—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Address:

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY
DURHAM, N. C.

Readers' Guide Supplement

AN INDEX TO GENERAL PERIODICALS NOT
INCLUDED IN THE READERS' GUIDE TO
PERIODICAL LITERATURE.



♦ ♦ ♦



WITH the discontinuance of the Annual Library Index after the 1910 volume and the decision not to publish what would have been the 1907 to 1911 cumulated volume of Poole, libraries were left without an index to a large number of excellent periodicals. In addition to those once indexed and now left without a key, many very valuable magazines worthy of being indexed have come into existence in the last few years. A genuine need existed for a periodical index to supplement the *Readers' Guide*, and it is to meet this need that the *Readers' Guide Supplement* has been undertaken.

While only about sixty periodicals are indexed at present, this number will be increased to one hundred as soon as possible, the selection to be made with the assistance of the subscribing libraries. With the exception of the American Labor Legislation Review which has been indexed from the beginning—1911 to date—all periodicals have been indexed from January 1913, and all new periodicals added will be carried back to this date.

The contents of these periodicals are indexed by author and subject, with volume number, paging and date, notes of maps and illustrations and cross references as in the *Readers' Guide*. In addition, the *Supplement* indexes a number of composite books by subject.

The Readers' Guide Supplement is issued bi-monthly, omitting the July issue. It is fully cumulated with each issue, and the last number for the year will contain all entries for the year, making it the annual cumulation. Full information regarding the subscription price will be furnished on request.

THE H. W. WILSON CO., Minneapolis.

Important Dramatic Literature Published by Stewart & Kidd Co.

AUTHORIZED LIBRARY EDITION

AUGUST STRINDBERG'S Greatest Plays and Stories

Translated by Velma Swanson Howard, America's Greatest
Translator of the Swedish Language

EASTER (a play in three acts) AND STORIES.

A strong optimistic vein runs through both "Easter" and the stories.

LUCKY PEHR (a drama in five acts).

This is to Sweden what Rip Van Winkle is to America.

Both of the above Plays are more in tune with American thought and ideas than many of his other works.

*Each volume with frontispiece of Strindberg, etched by Zorn.
Handsomely bound in silk cloth. Net \$1.50.*

At Last You May Understand G. B. S.

Perhaps once in a generation a figure of commanding greatness appears, one through whose life the history of his time may be read. There is but one such man to-day.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: HIS LIFE AND WORKS

A Critical Biography (Authorized)

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, M.A., Ph.D.

Is virtually the story of the social, economic, and æsthetic life of the last twenty-five years. It is a sympathetic, yet independent interpretation of the most potent individual force in society. Cultivated America will find here the key to all that is baffling and elusive in Shaw: it is a cinematographic picture of his mind with a background disclosing all the formative influences that combined to produce this universal genius.

It is a large demy, 8vo volume, cloth, gilt top, 528 pages, with 35 full-page illustrations in color, photogravure and half-tone and numerous pictures in the text. Net \$5.00.

STEWART & KIDD COMPANY, Cincinnati.



FULCHER BRICK COMPANY BRICK MAKERS

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS
NASHVILLE, TENN.

SEWANEE THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

GENERAL EDITOR—The Rev. ARTHUR R. GRAY, Educational Secretary of the Board of Missions; sometime Chaplain of the University of the South.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH, by the Rt. Rev. A. C. A. HALL, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Vermont.

"It is at once most comprehensive and most condensed, and its dealing with some of the difficult and important questions of our time, such as the Resurrection, the Incarnation, and especially the Atonement, is a remarkable piece of clear theological statement and logical argument."—Rt. Rev. W. C. DOANE.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, by the Very Rev. SAMUEL HART, D.D., LL.D., Dean of Berkeley Divinity School.

"It is admirably adapted to the uses of students of theology, and is, beyond comparison, the best book of the kind for the reading of Churchmen in general."—Dr. GEORGE HODGES, *Dean of the Episcopal Theological School.*

APOLOGETICS, by the General Editor.

"It will be found, we think, of the volumes of the series yet issued, that which will make the widest appeal to thoughtful laymen, and be perhaps of the greatest usefulness in pointing out, without undue elaboration, the philosophical bases and the historical assurances of the Christian faith."—*The Churchman.*

MANUAL OF EARLY ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY TO 476 A.D., by the Very Rev. CHAS. L. WELLS, Ph.D., Sometime Dean of Christ Church Cathedral, New Orleans; Lecturer in History, McGill University, Montreal, Canada. (Now ready.)

"Compact, clear, and admirably arranged. . . . A boon alike to men preparing themselves for examination and to the general reader."—*The Church Times* (London).

"Adapted to lay use; . . . the layman . . . will find this book . . . fit to set him on the way towards the mastery of Church History."—*The Expository Times.*

CHURCH HISTORY: MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, by the Rev. WILSON LLOYD BEVAN, Ph.D., Professor of History and Economics, University of the South. (Now ready.)

THE OLD TESTAMENT, by the Rev. LORING W. BATTEN, Ph.D., S.T.D., Professor of the Literature and Interpretation of the Old Testament, General Theological Seminary. (In press.)

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY, by the Rev. GEORGE WILLIAM DOUGLAS, D.D., Canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. (In preparation.)

THE NEW TESTAMENT, by the Rev. WILLIAM H. P. HATCH, B.D., Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of the Literature and Interpretation of the New Testament, The General Theological Seminary. (In preparation.)

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. (To be arranged for.)

* * In uniform volumes, 12-mo, cloth, printed on imported English paper, price \$1.50 per volume, post prepaid.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS of SEWANEE TENNESSEE

A Valuable Contribution to American Church Biographies

Alexander Gregg

First Bishop of Texas

BY HIS SON

WILSON GREGG,

LATE ATTORNEY AT LAW, FT. WORTH, TEXAS

¶ The REV. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL, LL.D., has fully edited and extended the work, and it makes a valuable companion to the two volumes previously published by The Press, viz., "Bishop Quintard's Memoirs of the War," and "Life of General Kirby-Smith," both of which are likewise edited and extended by Dr. Noll.

¶ The book contains a portrait frontispiece of the Bishop, and is substantially bound in cloth. Price, by mail, \$1.10.

The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

Every Book Reader

Should have THE DIAL, "the leading literary journal of America." It affords an authoritative, impartial, and agreeable guide to the new books; indispensable to anyone who takes serious interest in literature.

THE DIAL

Published semi-monthly at \$2.00
a year or 10 cents a copy.

SAMPLE COPY FREE
ON REQUEST

THE DIAL, 203 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

"Unsurpassed by any other
literary journal."

SIR WALTER BESANT,
London, England.

"Severe standard of literary
excellence."

BLISS PERRY,
Editor The Atlantic Monthly.

"Faithful to the best literary
traditions."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

"Unbiased, good humored,
and sensible."

BARRET WENDELL,
"Literary History of America."

"Sane, wise, truthful, honest,
hopeful, and kindly."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

"The best critical literary
journal."

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Special List of Publications of The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

General Kirby-Smith

By ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. Cloth, 12mo; about 300 pages. With photogravure portrait. A valuable contribution to American biographies and of especial interest to collectors of Sewaneana. Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.60.

"The Life of General Edmund Kirby-Smith by the Reverend Arthur Howard Noll, of Sewanee will be welcomed by all Sewanee men who love the memory of that most popular professor and friend; by all Confederate soldiers who admire and reverence the name of this gallant and splendid soldier—a very Chevalier Bayard of the South; and by every American, who is glad to read the story and do honor to the memory of the man who in every relation of life was without fear and without reproach."—Rt. Rev. THOS. F. GAILOR, in *The Diocese of Tennessee*.

Doctor Quintard: Chaplain C. S. A., and Second Bishop of Tennessee

Being his Memoirs of the War, edited and extended by the Rev. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. New edition, cloth, 12mo, with steel portrait, \$1.00 net. The same in paper covers, without portrait, 50 cents.

"Part of its charm is its very frankness and the glimpses it affords of the more or less intimate life of an aristocracy long since a memory and now fast becoming a tradition."—*The Churchman*.

"The book is a valuable contribution to the historical narrative of the war, and especially to certain religious aspects of that strife."—*Boston Times*.

Alexander Gregg: First Bishop of Texas

Written by his son, the late WILSON GREGG, and edited and extended by ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL, LL.D. Cloth, 12mo. Price, by mail, \$1.10.

T. J. MOONEY CO.

142 EIGHTH AVE. N.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Steam and Hot Water Heating

MODERN PLUMBING

We furnish Everything in these lines.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Sewanee, Tennessee



Opened in 1868. Located at Sewanee, Tennessee, on the plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Sewanee has a national reputation as a health resort all the year round.

The Departments of the University are:

ACADEMIC, THEOLOGICAL AND ENGINEERING

The scholastic year opens in September, and is divided into four terms, Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer.

For catalogues and other information, address

RT. REV. A. W. KNIGHT, D.D.,

or THE REGISTRAR.

Vice-Chancellor.



THE SEWANEE MILITARY ACADEMY

prepares boys for this and other Universities and for business. For catalogue and other information, address THE HEADMASTER, Sewanee, Tennessee.



OCTOBER
1914

A MONTHLY LIST OF
NEW BOOKS AND NEW
EDITIONS PUBLISHED BY
LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.,
FOURTH AVENUE AND 30TH
STREET, NEW YORK.

Books published at Net prices are subject to an extra charge for carriage, by Express or Parcel Post. To aid in determining this charge the weight of each book is given.

BOOKS PUBLISHED AUGUST 16, 1914, TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1914.

WHAT CAN I KNOW?

AN INQUIRY INTO TRUTH, ITS NATURE, THE MEANS OF ITS ATTAINMENT,
AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE PRACTICAL LIFE.

By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics, Yale University. Crown 8vo. Pp. viii+311. \$1.50 net (Weight, 20 oz.)

This book, while bringing to bear on the problem of knowledge the more recent points of view, both psychological and philosophical, aims chiefly at helping the reader in the culture and practical uses of the mental life. Thus it considers not only the nature and guaranties of knowledge, but especially how knowledge may be used to attain its most important ends. These are the ideals and the behavior that have value. Without being controversial, it furnishes material for criticism of the errors and half-truths of Pragmatism and other current theories as to the meaning and worth of Truth. Its conclusions lie in "the middle of the road," between the extremes of intellectual over-confidence or easy credulousness and excessive skepticism or agnostic despair. Inasmuch as all knowledge involves the higher sentiments and the activities of "free will," its attainment and culture become a matter of personal obligation and moral concernment. In this way this treatise serves as an Introduction for those which are to follow, and which will treat of Duty, Faith, and Hope, in further defence of a consistent system of rationalism in opinion and in conduct.

WHAT OUGHT I TO DO?

By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD.

[In immediate preparation.]

NEW AND CHEAPER ISSUE

THE FAIRY BOOK SERIES.

Edited by ANDREW LANG. 25 Volumes, each with many Illustrations in black and white, and in color, by H. J. FORD. Crown 8vo. Ornamental covers. Each, \$1.00 net.

[Illustrated List on Application.]

BOOKS PUBLISHED AUGUST 16 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1914—Cont'd.

TEACHER AND TEACHING.

By the REV. RICHARD H. TIERNEY, S.J., Editor of "America." Crown 8vo. Pp. x+178. \$1.00 *net* (Weight, 16 oz.)

The purpose of this book is to examine those fundamental principles in which the vocation to be a teacher may be said to consist. It is not sufficient that a teacher possess knowledge of the subjects he is to teach. His is the work of the formation of character; therefore he must himself be of upright, pure and noble character. Drawing upon many years' experience as an educationalist, the author lays down those fundamental and necessary qualities of every teacher, who, holding in his hands the destiny of his pupils, would so lead them that they should come at length to the stature of the perfect man.

CHRISTIANITY AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE.

By the REV. W. CUNNINGHAM, F.B.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Archdeacon of Ely. Crown 8vo. Pp. viii+111. \$0.90 *net* (Weight, 12 oz.)

The author endeavors to trace in current thought on economic questions the elements which are due to Christianity, even though they may have ceased to be consciously religious.

THE WITNESS OF THE BODY TO THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

By the RIGHT REV. EDWARD STUART TALBOT, D.D., D.Litt., Bishop of Winchester. 8vo. *Paper Covers*. Pp. vi+26. \$0.20.

LESSONS ON THE CHRISTIAN'S RESPONSIBILITIES AND MEANS OF GRACE. A Course of Lessons on the Sacramental Teaching of the Church Catechism.

By the REV. W. HUME CAMPBELL, M.A., Principal of St. Christopher's College, Blackheath, S.E., Author of "Lessons on the Apostles' Creed," etc. Crown 8vo. Pp. xiv+112. \$0.50 *net* (Weight, 8 oz.)

This is a volume of fifty-two lessons on the sacramental teaching of the Church Catechism, intended for Sunday-school scholars of 13-14 years of age.

Modern Oxford Tracts

Edited by the REV. DARWELL STONE, D.D., Principal of the Pusey House, Oxford. Square Fcap. 8vo. *Paper Covers*.

INSTITUTIONAL RELIGION.

By HAKLUYT EGERTON. 24 Pp. \$0.20.

MIRACLES.

By the REV. N. P. WILLIAMS, M.A., Chaplain Fellow and Librarian of Exeter College, Oxford. 48 Pp. \$0.36 *net* (Weight, 4 oz.)

STEPS TOWARDS RE-UNION. A Statement for the Consultative Committee.

By THE RIGHT REV. W. G. PEEL, D.D., Bishop of Mombasa and THE RIGHT REV. J. J. WILLIS, D.D., Bishop of Uganda. 8vo. *Paper Covers*. 70 Pp. \$0.36 *net* (Weight, 6 oz.)

THE CASE AGAINST KIKUYU: A Study in Vital Principles.

By THE RIGHT REV. FRANK WESTON, D.D., Bishop of Zanzibar. 8vo. *Paper Covers*. 64 Pp. \$0.36 *net* (Weight, 6 oz.)

BOOKS PUBLISHED AUGUST 16 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1914—*Cont'd.*

Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

Vol. LIX., No. 4. JEWISH IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES FROM 1881 to 1910.

By SAMUEL JOSEPH, Ph.D., Instructor in the Commercial High School, Brooklyn, New York. 8vo. *Paper Covers.* 209 Pp. \$1.50*

Longmans' English Classics

COLERIDGE'S THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, CHRISTABEL AND KUBLA KHAN.

Edited with Notes and Introductions by HERBERT BATES, A.B., Brooklyn Manual High School, N. Y. Crown 8vo. Pp. xl+88. \$0.25*

THE ALEXANDER-DEWEY ARITHMETIC: Elementary Book.

By GEORGIA ALEXANDER, Supervising Principal in the Indianapolis Public Schools. Edited by JOHN DEWEY, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University. Crown 8vo. Pp. xx+300. \$0.45*

BELL TOWERS AND BELL HANGING: An Appeal to Architects.

By SIR ARTHUR PERCIVAL HEYWOOD, Bart., M.A., President of the Central Council of Bell Ringers. With Contributions by EDWIN H. LEWIS, M.A., E. ALEXANDER YOUNG, A.R.I.B.A., and others, and an Appendix. With 2 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Pp. viii+184. \$0.75 *net* (Weight, 14 oz.)

PRELIMINARY MACHINE DRAWING COURSE.

By C. E. HANDY, A.R.C.S., Wh.Sc., Principal of the Technical College, Darlington. Oblong 8vo. *Paper Covers.* 41 Pages Illustrated. \$0.30*

FERGUSON'S PERCENTAGE TRIGONOMETRY OR PLANE TRIGONOMETRY REDUCED TO SIMPLE ARITHMETIC, WITH A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF HIS PERCENTAGE COMPASS. For Schools, Colleges, Surveyors, Navigators, and all who have to Measure Lines and Angles.

By JOHN COLEMAN FERGUSON, M.I.C.E., Author of "Fergusson's Percentage Unit of Angular Measurement, with Logarithms." With 58 Figures. 8vo. Pp. ii+155. \$1.25 *net* (Weight, 16 oz.)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GERMANY AND THE NEXT WAR.

By GENERAL FRIEDRICH VON BERNHARDI. Translated by ALLEN H. POWLES. *Cheaper Edition.* Crown 8vo. \$1.00 *net*. [Ready.]

This much discussed book presents a clear commentary on the German attitude in the European war and is singularly prophetic of the methods and aims of the German army leaders in their attacks on Belgium and France. General Bernhardt frankly avows the doctrine that Germany must, regardless of the rights and interests of other peoples, fight their way to predominance, and force upon humanity German culture and spirit, having proved themselves the ruling people by the power of their arms and the loftiness of their ideas.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND CHARLES FOX. The Concluding Part of "The American Revolution."

By the RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Bart., O.M. 2 Vols. 8vo. Vol. II. With Map. \$2.25 *net*. [October 1]

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

MODERN INDUSTRY

IN RELATION TO THE FAMILY, HEALTH, EDUCATION, MORALITY.

By FLORENCE KELLEY, General Secretary, National Consumers' League. Crown 8vo. Pp. vi+147. \$1.00 net (Weight, 12 oz.)

This book is the outgrowth of long experience and observation. Having published in 1882 the thesis of her Cornell degree on the Law and the Child, the writer has been Chief State Factory Inspector of Illinois, living many years at Hull House and the Nurses' Settlement and serving, since 1889, as Secretary of the National Consumers' League. She sets forth changing social and industrial conditions seen at close range, and suggests immediate hopes and plans related thereto.

"Presents clearly and forcefully the deleterious effect of the practices of modern industry. . . ."—*Wisconsin Library Bulletin*.

"... Miss Kelley's book is a plea for systematic procedure in codifying a new moral system, industrial, to replace the old system based on the needs of an agriculturally supported community."—*The Sun*.

"... The book has much of the interest of the personal narrative, inasmuch as almost all of the illustrations are drawn from her own experiences. She spares no facts. . . ."—*Christian Work*.

A HISTORY OF DIPLOMACY

IN THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE.

By DAVID JAYNE HILL, LL.D. In 6 Volumes. 8vo. Vol. III. *The Diplomacy of the Age of Absolutism*. With 5 Colored Maps, 7 Tables of Rulers, and Index. Pp. xxvi+706. \$6.00 net (Weight, 52 oz.)

"This is undoubtedly, the most important work on diplomacy yet undertaken by an American author, and it is not unlikely to be accorded primacy as a general history of diplomacy."—*Republican*, Springfield, Mass.

"Anything from the pen of David Jayne Hill is sure of respectful attention. Dr. Hill's work as Assistant Secretary of State, as Minister to Switzerland and then to Holland, and as Ambassador to Germany is still fresh in the public mind and appreciation. But he has appeared before the world in the capacity of a historian of diplomacy as well as in that of an active diplomat. The third volume of his exhaustive history has now appeared. Like its predecessor it represents the union of a broad historical perspective with practical personal experience. It has to do with the Age of Absolutism. Perhaps it would seem too much to say that the present volume is fascinating in style, and yet to the student of history it is hardly less than fascinating. On every page one feels the hand not only of the scholar but of the gentleman—of one by instinct and training fitted to deal with problems in the large, and who to an exact and ample erudition has brought the practical and wide acquaintance with men and affairs developed under our great Secretary of State John Hay."—*Outlook*.

ALREADY PUBLISHED


Vol. I.—*The Struggle for Universal Empire*. With 5 Colored Maps, Chronological Tables, etc., etc., and Index. Pp. xxiii+481. \$5.00 net (Weight, 48 oz.)

Vol. II.—*The Establishment of Territorial Sovereignty*. With 4 Colored Maps, Tables, etc., and Index. Pp. xxv+663. \$5.00 net (Weight, 64 oz.)

Longmans, Green, & Co.



Publishers, New York

 *Used in Every Seminary in the Church except one.*

NOW READY
SECOND EDITION
(carefully revised by the author)
OF
THE
BOOK OF COMMON
PRAYER

BY
SAMUEL HART, D.D., LL.D.
DEAN OF BERKELEY DIVINITY SCHOOL, CUSTODIAN OF THE
STANDARD BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

Being Volume II of the
Sewanee Theological Library

—
Price, \$1.50, postpaid
—

The University Press
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

Harris Lithia Water

NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDY

For Liver, Kidney, Stomach, Bladder Troubles
Indigestion and Dyspepsia

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Harris Lithia Springs Company

HARRIS SPRINGS, S. C.

Medical testimony furnished on request
Hotel open June 15 to Sept. 15

Henry Pilcher's Sons

Established 1832

BUILDERS OF

Pipe Organs

*With all Modern Accessories
of practical value*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

*Correspondence
Solicited*

At Highest Award at World's Fair



OVER 65 YEARS'
EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



When in New Orleans
always stop at

The Grunewald



The Best
Hotel South

Sewanee
Headquarters

American Plan Rates, \$2.50 to \$4.00

Rebuilt and Refurnished
125 Bath Rooms

HOTEL TULANE

NASHVILLE, TENN.

L. C. GARRABRANT, Manager

Telephone and Running Water
in Every Room

Headquarters for Sewanee Visitors

High Living means, in reality, **Good Cooking**



Not every one can have the delicacies enjoyed by the royal blood, but all can have the wholesome, appetizing cooking of the famous

National Steel Range

Made with perfect heat circulation, it bakes evenly at top and bottom. Asbestos lined, it saves by direct comparative test, one-third in fuel. The handsomest range made, to our taste. Write for catalogue and prices.

Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co.

Manufacturing Housefurnishers

217-223 Third Ave. North

Nashville, Tennessee

***The* B. H. Stief Jewelry Co.**

Official Jewelers to The University of the South

DIAMONDS AND RICH GOLD JEWELRY

Patek, Phillips & Co. and American Watches
Ecclesiastical, Fraternity Goods,
Sterling Silver Goods, Art Goods, and Cut Glass

Expert Repairing of Jewelry and Watches
All Work Warranted

Our mail Order Department is prepared to handle your business. Write for 96-page catalogue.

***The* B. H. Stief Jewelry Company**

JAS. B. CARR, Pres. & Mgr.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Arthur Howard Noll

*The University of the South
Sewanee, Tenn.*

Agent for Sewanee Publications

*Fairbanks' History of
The University of the South, \$2.00*

*Bishop Quintard's Memoirs
of the War, new edition, \$1.00*

*Life of General Kirby-Smith
By mail, \$1.60*

*The Sewanee Review
Quarterly*

*Sets of the Review Bought and
Sold, etc., etc., etc,*

Some early issues of the Review are now rare and valuable. It will pay to look up and see what you have, and report to the above named.



**MENEELY
BELL CO.
TROY, N.Y.
AND
177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY
BELLS**

Sandford Duncan

Real Estate, Rental and Loans

206 Union Street

Nashville, Tennessee

W. D. GALE & CO.

Fire and Tornado
Insurance

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Royal Insurance Co., Limited

OF LIVERPOOL

Leading Fire Insurance Company of the World

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT

EMPIRE BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

MILTON DARGAN, Manager

F. M. MIKELL,

Ass't Manager

U. S. ATKINSON,

2d Ass't Manager

Kentucky
Tennessee
Georgia
Florida
Virginia

South Carolina
Oklahoma
Indian Territory
Arkansas
North Carolina

Alabama
Mississippi
Louisiana
Texas

SPURLOCK-NEAL CO.

Wholesale Druggists

**Fine Chemicals, Domestic and Foreign Fancy Goods,
Druggists' Sundries and Cigars**

Manufacturers of

Pharmaceutical Preparations

214-216 Second Avenue, North

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Castner-Knott Co.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Tennessee's Greatest Store

30--Complete Departments--30

Our Famous Eastern and Foreign Buying Connections
enable us to secure the World's most

Dependable Merchandise at Popular Prices!

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Outer Apparel, Millinery,
Silks, Wash Fabrics, Muslin Underwear, Hosiery,
Gloves, Shoes, Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, Men's
Furnishings, Books and Chinaware.

Mail Orders Promptly and Carefully Filled.

Mail orders received by our special Mail-Order Department
where Experienced Shoppers will execute your orders with
the same precision as when you shop in person.



Surety Coupons \$2.⁵⁰ in Goods Free

**OUR PROFITS SHARED
WITH OUR CUSTOMERS**



Surety Coupons are given on every purchase of ten cents or over. We furnish you with a book in which to paste them. When you have filled your book, bring it to us, and you will be entitled to your own selection of merchandise from any of our 30 departments (Groceries excepted) to the amount of \$2.50. Do not confuse **Surety Coupons** with old-fashion trading stamps, which were redeemed in worthless premiums. **Surety Coupons** are redeemed in the same goods that you pay money for, and you make your own selection. To refuse **Surety Coupons** would be like refusing your change. Be sure to ask for them.

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

QUARTERLY



THIS REVIEW was established in November, 1892, under the auspices of the Faculty of the University of the South. It is devoted to reviews of new and important books; to literary criticism; to papers on such topics of general literature as require fuller treatment than they receive in popular magazines and less technical treatment than they receive in specialist publications; and to discussions of vital questions in education, politics, economics, history, philosophy, art, science, and religion. In other words, THE REVIEW conforms more nearly to the type of the English Reviews than is usual with American periodicals. In policy it is not the organ either of an institution or of a Church. Without being sectional, it seeks to represent fairly the best spirit of the South in its views on national problems and in its aspirations towards higher ideals.

Intending contributors and publishers desiring to have their important books reviewed will address as indicated below. Where the return of an article is desired, stamps should be inclosed. In all cases the full name of the contributor must be given, though it need not be published.

Each number consists of 128 large octavo pages, printed on heavy paper. The dates of issue are January, April, July, and October of each year. Subscription price, \$2 a year in advance. Single numbers, 50 cents each.

Suitable advertisements are inserted at the following rates:

	One Time	Two Times	Three Times	Four Times
One Page	\$16 00	\$30 00	\$40 00	\$50 00
Half Page	8 00	15 00	20 00	25 00
Quarter Page	4 00	8 00	12 00	15 00
Eighth Page	2 00	4 00	6 00	8 00

Address all communications to

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

J. C. PRESTON, *Business Mgr.*

Composition and Presswork Done at The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Forthcoming Numbers

of *The Review* will contain papers on a wide variety of topics by writers in many different sections of the country. For subsequent issues the following are some of the

Contributors:

L. Wardlaw Miles, Princeton University; James Branch Cabell, Dumbarton, Virginia; A. Marinoni, University of Arkansas; Addison A. Ewing, Madison, Wisconsin; Gamaliel Bradford, Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Frank Frost Abbott, Princeton University; Henry A. Burd, Hiram College, Ohio; Clarissa Rinaker, University of Illinois; R. D. O'Leary, University of Kansas; W. C. Abbott, Yale University; Hyder E. Rollins, University of Texas; Elbridge Colby, Columbia University; Edward A. Thurber, University of Oregon; Louis M. Sears, Chicago Illinois; S. T. Cohen, University of South Carolina; Earl L. Bradsher, University of Texas; H. L. Creek, University of Illinois; H. Merian Allen, Philadelphia; James W. Tupper, Lafayette College; H. W. Peck, University of Texas.

The Articles

to appear in subsequent numbers are: "The Poetry of Robert Bridges"; "Vitality en Vogue: The Plea of an Average-Novel-Reader"; "Popular Feasts and Legends in Italy"; "Thomas Aquinas: Doctor and Saint"; "The Portrait of a Lady: Madame de Sevigné"; "The Referendum and the Recall Among the Ancient Romans"; "The Golden Age Idea in Eighteenth-Century Poetry"; "Warton's Poetry and Its Relation to the Romantic Movement"; "Culture"; "Sir William Monson"; "The Negro in the Southern Short Story"; "Simplicity and 'Social' Literature"; "Glimpses Economic in the Sixteenth Century"; "Julian the Apostate"; "Richard Dabney"; "Love in Mediæval Romance"; "Two Revolutions: A Parallel and a Query"; "The Growth of the Classical in Wordsworth's Poetry"; "Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and the Student of To-Day."

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

will find *The Review* a valuable adjunct in supplementing the work of the classroom.

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

by
ent

m-
A.
ls,
d,
D,
y;
ia
M.
a;
of
te

rt
l-
as
le
nt
";
";
rn
es
";
o-
in
of

k